Read THE BURIED MILLIONS IN SOCIETY NEWS.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

SEARCH LIGHT GIVES £5. WORTH OF READING For 3d.

VOL. III.—No. 111.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 3, 1892. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

Sold Everywhere, in Packets only.

FOR THE PEOPLE

HUDSON'S SOAP

IN FINE POWDER

Sold Everywhere, in Packets only.

BEETHAM'S WORLD FAMED CORN & BUNION PLASTER

ALWAYS RELIEVES PAIN

A SURE CURE

This marvellous Plaster acts like magic in relieving all pain and throbbing, and soon cures the most obstinate Corns and Bunions. It is especially useful for reducing ENLARGED GREAT TOE JOINTS, which so spoil the symmetry of otherwise beautiful feet. Thousands have been cured, some of whom had suffered for fifty years without being able to get relief from any other remedy. A trial of a small box is earnestly solicited, as immediate relief is sure.

BOXES, 1s. 1½d. BY ALL CHEMISTS.

FREE FOR 14 STAMPS BY THE PROPRIETORS,

The following is one out of the many testimonials received:

"London Hospital, Whitechapel Road.

"Gentlemen,—Please send me another box of your Corn Plaster, as I must say that I have been wonderfully benefited by it. I had suffered for years with painful Bunions on the great toe joints, but for six months before I wrote to you it was one long agony. After a month's application of your Plaster I am now quite free from pain, can walk comfortably, and wear my usual boots and shoes. I can also speak very highly of your Anodyne Cooling Lotion for allaying the inflammation of Corns and Bunions.—Yours truly, "M. A. RANSOM.

"To Messrs. Beetham & Son."

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHEMISTS, CHELTENHAM.

When the Pie Was opened The Birds Began to sing

The praises of BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER.

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

Supplies a Daily Luxury—Dainties in Endless Variety—The Choicest Dishes and Richest Custard.

NO EGGS REQUIRED.

Ladies are invited to write for Patterns.

2/- WONDERFUL VELVETEEN at 2/- a yd.

FAST PILE. FAST DYED. Every Inch Guaranteed.

In Black and all the most Beautiful Colours now worn.

The Finest imitation of Real Silk Velvet ever shown, thoroughly durable, with a full, rich pile.

If a dress should wear badly, or be in any respect faulty, LEWIS'S will GIVE a NEW DRESS for NOTHING at all, and pay the FULL COST of MAKING and TRIMMING

This quality is sold by the best Drapers at 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. a yard. LEWIS'S *manufacture* this Velveteen themselves, and sell it *direct to the Public*, and LADIES SHOULD WRITE for PATTERNS and judge of the wonderful quality. CARRIAGE PAID ON ALL ORDERS. Ladies should write for the New Patterns. WONDERFUL IN VALUE, STYLE, BEAUTY, and VARIETY.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

DRESS MATERIALS.

LEWIS'S, IN MARKET ST., MANCHESTER.

Please mention "Pearson's Weekly," and address

"CALIFORNIAN"

IN PENNY PACKETS SOLD EVERY WHERE

BORAX

MATCHLESS ON LAND OR WATER EVERYWHERE.

"CALIFORNIAN"

Reckitt's Blue.

WARNING! Refuse all Substitutes.

Autumn & Winter Dresses

MARVELLOUS SUCCESS of the "WYLWYRWELL" FABRICS

CARRIAGE PAID

FULL DRESS LENGTH for 10/6, 15/-, 16/6 & 17/6

NEW

AUTUMN & WINTER PATTERNS

Are now ready of all the Newest Colours and Designs in COSTUME CLOTHS, SERGES, ALL-WOOL SCOTCH TWEEDS, HOMESPUNS, CHECKS, PLAIDS, SNOWFLAKES, NEW SILK KNOP TWEEDS, &c., &c.

10/6 WYLWYRWELL CLOTH is too well known to require much description here. It is a cloth of which we have sold over half a million Dress Lengths, and from the thousands of Testimonials we have received we are convinced that they give universal satisfaction. There are many cheaper cloths advertised, but they are only **common imitations** of our famous Wylwyrwelt Cloth. May be had in Black, and 28 Beautiful New Colours. **Full Dress Length, sent Carriage Paid to any address for 10/6.**

15/- IDEAL CLOTH is manufactured specially for Ladies' Autumn Dresses. It is light in weight, fine in quality, strong and durable. We have now received our full stock for the coming season, and we invite every lady to write for patterns of them. New Colours, New Designs, and New Mixtures for Autumn and Winter Wear. **Full Dress Length, Carriage Paid, for 15/-.**

17/6 ZUPER CLOTH is a new cloth which we have only just introduced, and is manufactured with **a lovely smooth satin surface.** This cloth can only be had direct from Armley, and we have every confidence in recommending it. We supply it in all the following colours:—Black, Blue Black, Navy, Myrtle, Brown, Olive, Bronze, Gold, Green, Blue Moss, Pink, Lead, Heliotrope, Mauve, Stone, Reseda, Drab, Fawn, Sage, Lavender, Salmon, Emerald, Crimson, Peacock, Sapphire, Ruby, Claret, Mulberry, Oatmeal, Slate, Hussar, Smoke, Violet, Straw, Purple, Terra Cotta, Cardinal, Electric, Old Rose, Tabac, &c. **We will send a Full Dress Length, Carriage Paid, to any address for 17/6.**

16/6 ALL WOOL SCOTCH TWEEDS Homespuns, Snowflakes, Checks, Plaids, Silk Knop Tweeds, &c. Our stock of these Goods consists of 14,500 Dress Lengths in all the most lovely designs it is possible to produce. We will gladly send patterns of them post free. **Full Dress Length, Carriage Paid, for 16/6.**

We have received Thousands of Testimonials from All Parts of the World.

SUCH BARGAINS WERE NEVER BEFORE OFFERED.

GRAND FREE PRESENTS £2,500 TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

We have purchased an enormous quantity of Ladies' Silk Handkerchiefs, 4-button French Kid Gloves, Ladies' Silver Watches, &c., to be given away to purchasers of our famous Cloth Dresses. **Every Purchaser** receives a handsome present, and full particulars are enclosed with each set of patterns. *Write at once.*

AN INVITATION. We invite every reader of Pearson's Weekly to write at once for patterns of these Wonderful Dresses. The patterns will cost you nothing. All we ask is that you will send us your name and address, and we will GLADLY send patterns gratis and post free by return. Even if you do not at present require a new dress, you should write for patterns, as we wish all ladies to see our new colours. You need not trouble to return the patterns. With each set of patterns we send fashionable designs for cloth dresses (specially designed for coming season), also copies of testimonials from many well-known ladies, opinions of the Press, full particulars about the grand presents, and several other interesting particulars. Write at once for a full set of patterns, and when you see them you will not only be astonished, but you will be perfectly delighted with them.

LUTAS LEATHLEY & Co., Dept. 102, THE DRESS WAREHOUSE, ARMLEY, **LEEDS.**

SULPHOLINE LOTION.

SHILLING BOTTLES.

A SPOTLESS SKIN.
A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.
REMOVES ALL DISFIGUREMENTS.

CONDY'S FLUID

USED IN THE ROYAL PALACES.

TIRED FEET.
BURNING FEET.
TENDER FEET.
PERSPIRING FEET.

"**Condy's Fluid** has proved itself of great service for purifying and washing the feet."—Baron Justus von Liebig, the eminent chemist.

The beneficial effects produced by using **Condy's Remedial Fluid** in the foot bath are most remarkable.

£10 for information leading to conviction of Chemists selling imitations of CONDY'S FLUID.

Three large Books, containing full Remedial, Disinfecting, and Veterinary directions, free by Post from

CONDY'S FLUID WORKS, 57, TURNMILL STREET, LONDON, E.C.

RUBBER STAMPS.—Your Monogram to mark Linen or Paper. Two letters, 1s.; three, 1s. 6d.; any name, 1s. 6d.; Box, Pad, and Ink included. Patterns Free. Carriage 2d. extra. Agents Wanted. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned.—P. W. IRETON & CO., 92, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.

KNITTED CORSETS. Support without pressure. Write for List of Cheap and Good Underclothing.

KNITTED CORSET CO., Nottingham.

Towle's Pennyroyal and Steel Pills for Females

Quickly correct all irregularities, remove all obstructions, and relieve the distressing symptoms so prevalent with the sex. Boxes 1/1½ & 2/9 of all Chemists.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS! Injurious and Worthless.

Towle's Pennyroyal and Steel Pills for Females will be sent anywhere on receipt of 15 or 34 stamps by the maker, E. T. TOWLE, Chemist, NOTTINGHAM.

CHARMING MUSIC FOR SUMMER EVENINGS.

CAMPBELL'S (PATENT) Broad Reed Melodeons

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NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE. CAMPBELL'S World famed MELODEONS having Organ and Celestial Tone and Charming Bell Accompaniments, the Solemn Psalm, the Soul-stirring Hymn, the Cheerful Song, and the Merry Dance can all be played on these Charming Instruments. NO KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC IS REQUIRED BY THE PLAYER.

CAMPBELL'S GOLD MEDAL MELODEON.

CUT THIS OUT.

AN UNPARALLELED OFFER To Readers of "Pearson's Weekly." **OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL "GEM" MELODEON** 6s. 6d. SELLING IN THOUSANDS. 6s. 6d. With Two Sets of Broad Reeds, Organ and Celestial Tone, sent carefully packed and carriage paid to any address in Great Britain and Ireland on receipt of P.O.O. for 6s. 6d.

CAMPBELL'S GOLD MEDAL MELODEON.

CUT OUT THIS.

AN UNPARALLELED OFFER To Readers of "Pearson's Weekly." **OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL "MINIATURE" MELODEON** 10s. With Two Sets of Broad Reeds, Organ and Celestial Tone, and the Charming Bell Accompaniment, sent carefully packed and carriage paid to any address in Great Britain and Ireland on receipt of P.O.O. for 10s. Order at once.

NO DECEPTION HERE. 100,000 TESTIMONIALS.

Important Testimonial from Professor Brown, the Champion Melodeon Player of Great Britain, Ireland, and Wales:—"Campbell's Patent Melodeons are the finest instruments that have ever come under my touch, and only require a trial to advertise themselves." Campbell's Patent Melodeons are the only genuine Melodeons in the Market. Beware of worthless imitations.

N.B. All lovers of music should at once send for our New Illustrated Privilege Price List for season 1892, now ready. 100,000 of these valuable lists sent out yearly. Send 1d. stamp to

CAMPBELL & CO. MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MAKERS, **116, TRONGATE, GLASGOW.** ESTABLISHED 50 YEARS.

THE SWEET PAR EXCELLENCE.

Devona,

The most Delicious sweetmeat.

Made from Fresh Devonshire Clotted Cream. Sold in Penny Packets, by Grocers and Confectioners everywhere.

MANUFACTORY: ASHMORE ROAD HARROW ROAD, LONDON, W.

MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS

FOR ALL CLASSES OF WORKERS. Appreciated by everyone. The finest, most refreshing and pleasantest beverage obtainable. One table-spoonful of this extract makes one gallon of splendid beer. **TRY IT.** A sample bottle enough to make 8 gallons, post free for 9 stamps.

For Making NON-INTOXICATING BEER

AGENTS WANTED

NEWBALL & MASON, NOTTINGHAM.

MAKERS OF MASONS WINE ESSENCES AS DELICIOUS AS THE FRUIT

TO EARN MONEY. In spare time send Post-card for specimens, terms and free Sample of Pen & Pencil Stamp THE SECRETARY, City Rubber Stamp Co., 44, SNOW HILL, LONDON.

GIVEN AWAY

WITH EVERY 6d. AND 1s. BOTTLE OF **CRYSTAL PALACE JOHN BOND'S GOLD MEDAL MARKING INK OR PENCIL** (Requiring no heating), a VOUCHER entitling purchaser to name or monogram RUBBER STAMP for marking linen or paper. 44 Gold Medals and other awards. CAUTION.—Original and Genuine label has the Trade Mark "Crystal Palace." Actions at Law granted with injunctions, costs and damages awarded against wrongdoers for selling Colourable Imitations, and libel. Works: 75, Southgate Road, London, N.

NEW REMEDY. IF YOU ARE SUFFERING from sick headaches, pains in the back and chest, disturbed rest, loss of appetite, gravel, dropsy, indigestion with pain and uncomfortable feelings after meals, want of energy and strength, constipation, noises in the head and ears, piles, pains in stomach or kidney derangement, try the "New Remedy Pills," 1s. 2d. the box. Sent by post by the Sole Proprietors, the New Remedies Co., Sheffield, on receipt of amount. A really sterling remedy, and needs but to be once tried to recommend itself before all others. Thousands sold annually. Write for a box to-day. Address all letters—The New Remedies Co., Sheffield.

Ask for the **AMAZON** Velvet Skirt Facing. **Try it,** and you will never use any other.

LUXURIOUS FINE CUT BRIGHT TOBACCO.

PATTERNS FREE — PARCELS PAID

SCOTCH TWEEDS ALL WOOL

Write direct for Patterns of Scotch Tweeds for Gentlemen's Suitings, also **Clan Tartans and Home-Spun Costume Cloths for Ladies' Dress** in the Newest and most Fashionable Styles, Knee Rugs, Blankets, etc., manufactured by

CURRIE, M'DOUGALL & SCOTT, LANGHAUGH MILLS, GALASHIELS, N.B.

AND THEREBY SAVE TWO INTERMEDIATE PROFITS AT LEAST.

PATTERNS MUST BE RETURNED WITHIN TEN DAYS

SAVE YOUR SOLES.

SOLEROID is GUARANTEED to render the **Soles** and **Heels** of your **Boots** and **Shoes proof against the hardest wear and absolutely watertight.** All you have to do is to paint it over. Mrs. W. Scott, of 16, Fitzroy Road, Primrose Hill, N.W., wrote, 28th December, 1891: "I find your Soleroid is really wonderful stuff, and I have been recommending it to my friends. I could dispose of a large quantity." On the 30th December, 1891, he wrote, ordering six dozen bottles and enclosing the cash. This is perfectly genuine, and the Proprietor will pay £1,000 to anyone who can prove that it is not. Hundreds of other Testimonials have been received. Soleroid sinks right into the leather at once, in no way affects its suppleness, and is quite unaffected by heat. A bottle will last a whole family for many months, and will save its cost over and over again. The price cannot hurt you, and the result will astonish you. Trial bottle free and safe by post for P.O. 1s. 6d. FIRST-CLASS AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

H. M. NOBLE, 9, GLOSTER STREET, BRIGHTON.

For BREAKFAST LUNCHEON TEA — for PIC-NICS Railway Travellers &c.

PLUMTREE'S HOME-POTTED MEATS

SPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR INVALIDS

DELICATE — FLAVOUR—SUPERIOR QUALITY

PREPARED from THE FINEST MEAT PROCURABLE

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT!

Sold in White Earthenware Jars & Tins

Sample Jar post free for 7½d. in stamps

PLUMTREE · SOUTHPORT.

A LADY writes:—

"Your Potted Beef is the BEST I ever tasted."

One of many unsolicited Testimonials.

FASHIONABLE FABRICS ARTISTICALLY DESIGNED

ARE A SOURCE OF CONSTANT PLEASURE

LADIES. We offer this Season most extensive assortment of ... in which ... have introduced the fashionable ... in harmony ... effects ... colours are ... skilfully blended ... harmonise ... perfection.

... New Autumn ... charming shades, in lovely textures and ... by the best designers in the British Isles.

SPECIAL LINES IN TWEEDS

Our FAMOUS "STANLEY FLAKE" and PERFECT DRESS TWEEDS (the World's Wonder), 10s. 6d. the 7 yards, any length 1s. 6d. per yard, 42 inches wide, carriage paid, above imitation at the prices.

Our "TRIUMPH" TWEEDS, with Mohair Knop, 1s. 7d. per yard.

Our "FAVOURITE" BOUCLE TWEEDS, with new curl and Knop overcheck, 1s. 6½d. per yard. Our "HARRIS" TWEEDS, all wool, 1s. 9½d. per yard. Our "SUPER" TWIST HARRIS TWEEDS, 2s. 2d. per yard.

Our SCOTSWOLD TWEEDS, with charming Knop and Boucle overcheck, 2s. 3½d. per yard. Our NEW "INDIAN WARP" DIAGONAL TWEEDS, with lovely Boucle Stripe, very fashionable, 2s. 3½d. per yard. Our "SCOTCH TWIST" TWEEDS 2s. 6d. per yard, all 42 inches wide, carriage paid, any length.

SPECIAL LINES IN CLOTH DRESSES

Our "WONDER" CLOTHS, 6s. 6d. the 7 yards, 42 inches wide. Our "ROYAL HABIT" CLOTH, 1s. 5½d. per yard, 44 inches wide. Our "GRAMPIAN" SERGES, all wool, 1s. 11d. per yard, 42 inches wide.

All in charming new shades and excellent quality. Any length cut and sent carriage paid to any address in the British Isles.

Weldon's Ladies' Journal says: "It is always a pleasure to recommend Hartley and Co.'s goods, which are noted for their superior quality, fine colouring, perfect finish, everlasting wear, and moderate prices."

20000 PRIZE DRESSES — Patterns Free. May be kept.

Any person may win a prize by obtaining us orders. 1s. 6d. discount on three dresses. Mention this paper.

HARTLEY & CO., The Noted Tweed Dress Warehouse, 22, Canal St., LEEDS

THIS PAPER IS, FOR ITS AGE, THE MOST SUCCESSFUL EVER PUBLISHED.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST. TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

VOL. III.—No. 111.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 3, 1892. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

TEENY-WEENY.

EVERY evening after tea,
Teeny-Weeny comes to me,
And, astride my willing knee,
  Plies his lash and rides away;
Though that palfrey, all too spare,
Finds his burden hard to bear,
Teeny-Weeny doesn't care;
  He commands, and I obey.

First it's trot, and gallop then,
Now it's back to trot again;
Teeny-Weeny likes it when
  He is riding fierce and fast.
Then his dark eyes darker grow
And his cheeks are all aglow:
"More!" he cries, and never "Whoa,"
  Till the horse breaks down at last.

Oh, the strange and lovely sights
Teeny-Weeny sees of nights,
As he makes those famous flights
  On that wond'rous horse of his!
Oftentimes, before he knows,
Wearylike his eyelids close,
And, still smiling, off he goes
  Where the land of By-low is.

There he sees the folk of fay
Hard at ring-a-roses play,
And he hears those fairies say:
  "Come, let's chase him to and fro."
But, with a defiant shout,
Teeny puts that host to rout;
Of this tale I make no doubt,
  Every night he tells it so.

So of evenings after tea,
When he toddles up to me,
And goes tugging at my knee,
  You should hear his palfrey neigh!
You should see him prance and shy,
When with an exulting cry,
Teeny-Weeny, vaulting high,
  Plies his lash and rides away!

A SUNDAY ON MONDAY.

MANILLA is one of the most important ports in the Philippine Islands, but strange to say, is one day behind all other places of its size in the world. This curious fact is accounted for in this way:—

Although the Philippine Islands lie near the Asiatic coast, they were discovered by Spaniards who sailed from America. When they crossed the magic line where Sunday changes into Monday, these fiery dons of proud Castilian ancestors did not revise their calendar. When told of this years later, when informed that their mode of reckoning time was not up to modern notions, they only said that that was so much the worse for modern notions.

Anyhow, the fact remains that these Philippine Islanders keep plodding along one day behind the rest of the world, which reckons time by new style.

HOW THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR ENDED.

AMONG the stories of Herr Forckenbeck, the late chief burgomaster of Berlin, which are being revived, is this:—

"As President of the North German Reichstag he was sent in 1871, with Von Stauffenberg, to Versailles, to congratulate the Prussian King upon his election as Emperor. Bismarck, who had just concluded the terms of peace with France, invited them to supper, and at that repast the Kaiser's chief counsellor said:

"'This night, at twelve o'clock, the last shots will be exchanged between our troops and the French, and I have conceded to the French the honour of the last shots.'

"Forckenbeck and his colleagues left their host before midnight, drew out their watches, stood underneath a lantern of the Hotel du Reservoir, and waited. First there was a cannon shot from the German troops; then a solemn stillness. Then followed the last reply from Mont Valerian. The tower clock at Versailles struck twelve; the French war had ended."

WINE-DRINKING BABIES.

WANDERING one evening in the suburbs of Rome I stumbled on a curious scene. A mother sat on a wall by the roadside with her infant in her arms, while the father, a strapping young farmer, poured wine from a black bottle down the eager throat of the baby. My remonstrances were met by a smile at my ignorance and the assertion that there was nothing better than wine for it. On my return I found the boy partaking of his natural food as heartily as he had done from the bottle.

"That is the proper drink for your child," I said to the mother; "you will lay up misery for yourself if you exchange it for wine."

"Do you think so, signor?" she replied, showing me the legs and cheeks of the fattest young rascal I ever saw, and adding, "does that look like disease? Can you find in your country a baby six months old to equal him?"

On mentioning the incident to an old man at the hotel, he said it was quite the usual practice in Capri; and on the same evening, pointing to his son, a handsome young fellow who was dancing the tarantella, he said:—

"Had that lad not got wine from the time he was four months old he would not have been here to-night. It saved his life."

"IT'S BUSINESS, YOU KNOW."

IT was a patented article, and seemed to have a fairly good sale, but the manufacturer was troubled. "I don't seem to be able to keep them up to the standard," he explained. "Every now and then the men get careless, or something goes wrong, and some inferior articles are turned out, and every one sold does us harm. It destroys confidence in the rest."

"Oh, well, there's a way to stop that," said the commercial traveller with whom he was talking.

"Throw away everything that doesn't come up to the standard set, I suppose?" said the manufacturer.

"That's one way."

"But I can't afford it. Think of the hole it would make in my profits."

"Of course; and it would be a criminal waste, too. Sell 'em, my friend—sell the worst of 'em, but advertise everywhere, 'Beware of imitations.'"

"For what purposes?"

"So that when a man gets one that's inferior he'll think it's an imitation. That's the way to sell the bad with the good without hurting your reputation. You haven't done much with patented articles, or special lines, or you'd have learned this before. Always make an extra spread in that way when you are going to turn out anything particularly bad."

WEAKNESSES OF BIG BRAINS.

ALL great people have had their follies, which is another way of saying that all have had their weak points. Tycho Brahe, the great astronomer, had a terrible fear of hares and foxes.

The great Dr. Johnson, with all his philosophy, was not without a superstition. He was very careful not to enter a room with his left foot foremost; if by any chance he did so, he would immediately step back and re-enter with his right foot foremost. He was terribly afraid of death, too, and would not suffer it to be mentioned in his presence.

Julius Cæsar, to whom the shouts of thousands of the enemy were but sweet music, was mortally afraid of the sound of thunder, and always wanted to get underground to escape the dreadful noise.

Marshal Saxe, who loved to look upon the ranks of opposing armies, fled and screamed in terror at the sight of a cat.

Peter the Great could scarcely be persuaded to cross a bridge, and whenever he placed his foot on one he would scream in terror. Like the great man that he was he tried to overcome his weakness, but he was never able to do so.

And Byron would never help anyone to salt at table, nor would he be helped himself; and if any salt were spilled he would immediately get up and leave.

INSURANCE AGAINST GENERAL ACCIDENTS

SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE

OCEAN ACCIDENT ASSURANCE CORPORATION, Ltd.

£25 INSURANCE COUPON. £10

£25 *will be paid by the above Corporation to the Legal Representatives of any person killed by an accident, or fatally injured thereby, should death result within one month after such injury, while a passenger on any Railway, Steamboat, Tramway, Omnibus, or other public conveyance, or while walking on any street or public road within the United Kingdom as a private individual, and the like amount will be paid should such injury not prove fatal, but result in the complete and irrecoverable loss of sight in both eyes, or the loss by actual separation of two legs, two arms, or a leg and an arm.*

£10 *will be paid should such injury only result in the loss as above defined of sight in one eye, or the loss of one arm or one leg, and £5 will be paid should such injury only result in the fracture of an arm or leg.*

£5 *will be paid to any person who shall sustain a fracture of an arm or leg while engaged in playing Football, or while Cycling, provided in all above cases that the person so killed or injured was the owner of this Insurance Coupon, with his or her usual signature written underneath, when the accident on which the claim is based occurred.*

This Insurance is limited to One Coupon for each holder, and is not invalidated by any Insurance (other than Coupon) with this or any other Accident Company, but is in addition thereto.

Notice of Claim must be made to MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON, *Temple Chambers, London, E.C., within seven days of the accident.*

Signature _____

(See column 3, page 109.)

Available from the morning of August 27th, 1892, till midnight, September 3rd, 1892.

A BRITISH farmer on board a steamer who suffered a good deal from the vessel's rolling, said to a friend, "This capt'n don't understand his business. Why don't he keep in the furrows?"

A.: "I AM in a hideous pickle."

B.: "How so?"

A.: "I have not got anything to eat, and the only thing I've got to pawn is my false teeth, and if I pawn them and buy something to eat, then I can't eat it. I never was in such an awful fix in all my life."

A CORRESPONDENT asks: "Do you think it right for a girl to sit on a young man's lap even if she is engaged?"

Now this is a ticklish question, and can be replied to in three different ways:

"If it is our girl and our lap, yes; if it is another girl and our lap, yes; but if it is our girl and another fellow's lap, most certainly not."

As the villagers were reported to have relapsed into sin, a clergyman determined to give them a good shaking up, and enlarged eloquently upon the horrible tortures of the place reserved for sinners. Wishing to find out afterwards what effect his discourse had made upon their minds, he called upon an octogenarian dame, whose toothless gums did not prevent her from being the greatest gossip in the county.

"Now, my good woman," said he, "I hope my sermon has borne good fruit by making many a lasting impression upon your mind. You heard what I had to say about——"

Here his voice became hushed, even solemn, in tone as he continued—

—"that place where there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth."

"Well," said the fangless old beldame, "if I 'as to say anything it be this: 'Let them nash 'em as 'as 'em.'"

THE BELFAST MORNING NEWS says:—"'Society News' gives promise of good things for a large circle of readers."

THE VENGEANCE OF THE WIRE.

As Miss Conningsby entered her salon in the Hotel Meurice, [illegible] midnight, she did not look as if she had [illegible] the undivided attention of the [illegible] young men [illegible] at the American Minister's reception. She [illegible] unto those [illegible] from Heaven to earth, from heat and radiance to the dulness and inertia of chilled metal.

It pleased [illegible] the American [illegible] in Paris, to monopolise its young [illegible] to [illegible] the lorgnettes of its [illegible], to receive the jealous adoration of the other [illegible]. It [illegible] her to forget their existence [illegible]. Nature had not made her beautiful, but Miss Conningsby was more than a match for nature.

Training and disdain of whalebone had made her figure as lithe as a reed, and she dressed so well that people turned to stare at her enhanced charms, but rarely noticed what she wore. Every thread of red and gold in her brown hair had been developed and shone like metal. Her features were irregular, but passed uncriticised, so clear and brilliant was her complexion, and she was beautifully eared. She had learned to half veil her grey eyes, giving them a certain depth of expression.

Without being an intellectual woman she had some brain, enough to grow weary at times of the fribbling monotonies of fashionable society. Her knowledge of men was instinctive and cultivated, and she managed them with some tact. No one could listen to a bore with such patience as Miss Conningsby when it became necessary to re-man her court, and the tide brought no silver fish. Listening, indeed, had made her reputation as a fascinating woman; but once in awhile she roused herself and talked so brightly and fluently, with such swift, abrupt little confidences of self and thought, that the subtle flattery never failed to bring down her man.

Three months ago she had engaged herself to the most fashionable physician-surgeon in Paris. She had long since ceased to mine for her heart, and Dr. du Cange met every requirement of pride. His manners were faultless, his fame appealed to her vanity. Moreover, she was twenty-six; it was time to marry.

So she had accepted Dr. du Cange, and the smart set on both sides of the water had approved. The American Minister gave her a dinner, ambitious residents followed suit; cablegrams darted from New York; the Prince of Princes congratulated in person, and to Helen Conningsby was conceded the honour of making the match of the year.

She threw her ball cloak over a chair and paced up and down the salon. Through the heavy curtains came the ceaseless night roar of Paris, that deep-lunged mammoth that never sleeps. Miss Conningsby recalled for a moment Rossetti's lines:—

> Out of the depths of the hollow gloom
> On her soul's bare sands she heard it boom,
> The measured tide of the sea of doom.

It was her first dedication of poetry to self, not being a romantic young woman. Her soft colour had faded, her eyes were dull and widely opened.

Helen Conningsby had undergone an emotional tumult, and her present suggestion of clay without its tenant was due to reaction. She had met to-night, for the third time, a man whose remarkable personal magnetism had taught her the existence of a more wonderful factor in life's destinies than pride.

Their first meeting had been at a reception, where he had been conspicuous both by reason of his newness and of his being the one young man present; and she had invited censure by spending the evening in a *tête-à-tête* with him. He had devoted five hours to her the next day, and to-night he had not left her for one moment, and the hour before leaving they had passed alone in the minister's library.

The tumult quelled by exhaustion, Miss Conningsby could analyse: "This, I suppose, is what is called love—the absolute surrender of the nervous system. I might add, in my case it is a discovery. I am a victim of animal magnetism, I"——and she laughed a little.

"This man is not to be compared with Dr. du Cange in intellect, could not hold his own in an argument with him five minutes. His knowledge, his conversation, is all of the world—he is nothing but a man of the world. He looks, in spite of his superb vitality, as if he had spent more hours in dissipation than the doctor has done in thought. He is not one-half so handsome, and he has no money to speak of. But he has heart. It never occurred to me that I should look or care for heart. I have been so wearied by sentiment.

"One of Dr. du Cange's attractions was his manifest lack of it; so delightful not to be bored; to feel sure he would oftener forget to kiss me than remember; that he wanted me for decorative and entertaining purposes only. I could make his house as celebrated as his treatises. And this man—I would rather he kissed me than hear myself called the greatest beauty in Europe. I would rather live with him in a humble apartment than hear a dozen lackeys announce the American colony on its knees."

The next afternoon Dr. du Cange entered Miss Conningsby's salon in response to a peremptory note. They faced each other for a moment in silence. She was very pale from loss of rest, he coldly apprehensive. Her note had conveyed a covert warning, and he had gossiping patients.

He did not look like a man to be [illegible] by [illegible] women. His face was remarkable [illegible] combination of intensity and self-control. The eyes, small and close to the delicate nose, were hypnotic in their power. The head was beautiful [illegible] the thin lips and square jaw under a [illegible] moustache and beard. He was nearly sixty, but neither his face nor his small elegant figure [illegible] of years. His supple olive hands were as shapely as Helen's [illegible].

"[illegible]?" he asked.

"[illegible] marry you." The new delight of being true [illegible] brutal contempt of diplomacy [illegible] of relief? [illegible] looked up quickly. He was smiling indulgently.

"My dear child," he said, "it is well for both of us you have made this discovery in time. And I respect your courage—you have a great deal." He regarded her for a moment with contracted pupils. "You are very deeply in love," he said slowly. "I should say that you have learned a good many things already that I never could have taught you."

"Yes."

He went on meditatively, "It is a remarkable and somewhat humiliating thing that in ninety-seven cases out of a hundred the animal conquers. Women of genius, intellectual women, clever women, average women, fools, one and all are invariably won by the manly, not the brain qualities. It is not the sexual instinct alone; femininity turns naturally to the man who can best protect, who could fight his way out of a crowd with a woman in his arms. A woman without this appreciation of the man in man is not half a woman.

"But you are enough of an analyst to know all this without being told; morbid self-analysis is the characteristic of the woman of to-day,—the clever woman. What babies our grandmothers were, with their inherited vanities and heedless intrigues. The modern woman has her entire nervous system under a microscope—until she falls in love, when at odd times she is as primitive as her grandmother. He is young, of course?"

"About thirty." She looked at him in a complexity of surprise, relief, and pique.

"So I imagined. After all, the three best things in life are youth and love and death. The two first are yours; long may they linger with you. But remember that the best of all is death. It is always here beside us. When life has grown tasteless, you have but to raise your hand, and the best of friends takes you to his heart."

He bowed low and left the room.

Every scandal was worn threadbare. Even that old stand-by, the inherent fiendishment of French servants, was on the verge of excommunication. A fresh, an unexpected sensation was a boon for which they could have kissed Miss Conningsby's feet.

Who would have thought that the very concentrated essence of New York and Newport could be capable of so unworthy an act? Tom Rivington had no money to speak of—only about £2,000 a year—and she had not as much, nor was she likely to have more. It was well known that Mrs. Conningsby's share of her husband's estate was tied up for the boys. And what an outrageous position in which to place Dr. du Cange!

But with what grace and dignity he accepted his position. If there was a hint of sadness in his manner, it was but the regret of the father for the vagaries of a beloved child. But, to be sure, he was a man of iron; a unique mentality. His marriage was to have been the alliance of brains with beauty; every drop of heart blood was in his profession. And how absurdly happy Helen Conningsby looked. It took six years off her age.

What on earth did she find in Tom Rivington to go mad about? He was exactly like a hundred other New York men: a big athletic fellow with a strong face. No one had ever called him clever, merely a good fellow. He spent two-thirds of his fortune in less time than it had taken his father to die, and had gone at a pretty steady pace ever since.

"What is your old mentality like?" he asked Helen one day. "I am curious to see him."

"You can if you like. I had a note from him to-day, when he sent the present, in which he expressed a desire to meet you, and asked me if I would not do an unconventional thing and stop at his house on our way to the train. He said he did not care to meet you before we were married, nor did he wish to come to the ceremony or reception. So, if you do not mind, I think we will go. It is the least I can do."

"Let us go, by all means. The whims of genius shall be respected."

They were married at the American minister's, and all the colony came to replenish their mental pockets and do them honour. As Mrs. Rivington received her congratulations she had never looked so queenly and so radiant.

As Rivington handed his bride into the carriage he ordered the coachman to stop at the house of Dr. du Cange.

"It is rather late for a first call," he remarked, "but I suppose geniuses are wedded to the unconventional. At all events, remember that we are limited to fifteen minutes."

The carriage drove into the courtyard of a large house, a lackey met them on the first landing and led them through a long suite of apartments, brilliantly lighted.

The lackey threw open a door and announced:

"M. et Mme. Reeveengton."

The room, large, and dimly lighted, was unoccupied. The walls [illegible] black satin damask [illegible]. All the woodwork [illegible] ebony, and the floor was covered with [illegible]. The windows were [illegible], and a heavy curtain hung over the door through which they had come.

"[illegible] looks like a mausoleum [illegible] or something [illegible] altogether too theatrical."

She caught his arm with both her hands. Her cheeks were white. "Let us go!" she said. "I do not know why—I am frightened."

"Nonsense," he said soothingly. He had too little imagination and had drunk too much champagne for fear. "I am quite able to take care of you."

"Hush!" she whispered.

A portière was pushed gently aside, and Dr. du Cange advanced with outstretched hand and a smile so brilliant and cordial that Helen's unreasoning fear withdrew.

"Allow me, my dear little girl," he said, and he pressed his cold lips lightly to her forehead. He took Rivington's hand between both his own and shook it warmly, then drew back and regarded him for a moment.

"It is well," he said. "She was made for you, not for me."

He turned from them and walked to the end of the room, then turned and stood before them. A shadow of gentle melancholy intensified the classic beauty of his face.

"Helen," he said, "you know that I am an eccentric man. You remember you used to promise to humour my whims. You never suspected that I loved you. There is but one way in which I can cure myself—by a moment of torment so keen that my heart will lie down to rest thereafter." He folded his arms and expelled the air forcibly from his lungs; he was evidently nerving himself for an ordeal. "Would you mind standing under that chandelier, where I can see you more plainly?"

"Hang the sentimental Frenchman!" murmured Rivington, in English; but Helen drew him beneath the chandelier. The tears stood in her eyes.

"Let us humour him, poor thing?" she whispered. "And the sooner we do the sooner we get away."

"Now"—(the doctor's face became ghastly, and he put his hand against the wall, as if for support)—"put your arms about her," he said peremptorily. "It is that I wish to see."

Rivington shrugged his shoulders, but embraced his wife and regarded the ceiling. Suddenly he was conscious of a thrill, quite different from any thrill of pleasure he had ever known. Then his muscles seemed charged with agony, his embrace became rigid. Helen gave forth a horrible, mechanical sound. Rivington moved his eyes and met the doctor's. All the latent demon of the man was in his face. His fingers pressed a button.

"You fiend!" gasped Rivington.

He made a movement to thrust Helen from him. He could as easily have burst through steel armour.

"You are standing on electric plates," said the Doctor, coldly. Then he threw back his head and laughed, a low, amused peal, more appalling to hear than the chuckle of insanity. "You are a magnificent specimen of a man," he continued in the same even tones. "I have never seen a finer on a dissecting table. It was natural you should win the woman from science. Let us see which is the mightier now, muscle or science."

He increased the pressure of the button. Helen, whose pride had set her teeth, gave a wild, raucous cry, the last she was capable of, her eyes started from her head, her lips purpled. Rivington's manhood left him; he writhed and struggled—an animal in torture.

Amidst appalling groans and shrieks the doctor continued:—

"With all your experience of men, my dear Helen, you could not detect the passion you had inspired in me. Why, this man of your choice is not capable of such feeling. He has not brain or nervous system enough. It hurts you, my dear? Your muscles feel as if a wrench were twisting each. Well, your physical pain is the concentration into a moment's space of the mental agonies I have endured day and night for the past month. I could give you no approximate idea of it otherwise, for neither of you have brain enough for intense mental suffering or for the imagining of it. Mercy! I almost hear you say, ma belle Helen. Mercy? Had you mercy when you held me up to the ridicule of Europe? How hideous you are! I no longer love you—nor can he!"

Helen's face was drawn up to one side, like a paralytic's, and it was sharp and dark. Rivington's was purple; his bloated lips were foaming. Each looked at the other in loathing. Yet they were strained heart to heart, writhing and knocking each other with sudden jerks.

"You abhor this forced embrace, you who loved each other so not three minutes ago? An unpleasant end to a wedding day, but an original one, and I am present. It hurts? Well, it is over. Another moment and reaction and relaxation will come. Go back whence you came, into nothingness, poor miserable motes in a sunbeam." He pressed the button far into the wall, then removed his finger. A heap of something lay on the floor. The doctor crossed the room and stood over it. He turned it with his foot. Muscle and love were in cinders. He walked to a table, and, raising a pistol to his head, blew out his brains.

THE DUNDEE COURIER says:—"'Society News' is smart and epigrammatic, and full of good things." THE SOUTHPORT VISITOR says:—"The first issue has just been forwarded to me, and, after careful perusal, has my high commendation."

AN HONEST WITNESS.

The clerk of the court bade the witness, who had volunteered to tender evidence, give his name, and hold up his hand to be sworn. He took the oath with such dignified composure that everyone felt there stood before them a calm, self-collected, truthful man, whose evidence would go far to convince the minds of the jurors in this sensational case. There was a distinct murmur as people settled themselves to listen to his testimony.

"Now, sir," said the judge, "tell the jury what you know about the matter."

"I don't know anything about it," replied the witness, blandly.

"Then may I ask why you had yourself summoned as a witness?"

"So as to get a good sight of the prisoner and the court. Tickets weren't to be had for love or money."

SWALLOWING A £10,000 DIAMOND.

A remarkable incident is related from the Kimberley (South Africa) diamond mines. A Swede, who was engaged as overseer in the mines, concealed a large diamond in his clothes; but upon suspicion being directed against him, he, without any hesitation, thrust the precious stone into his mouth and swallowed it, an act which was witnessed by the proprietor of the mines, who became so infuriated at his workman's dishonesty, that, seizing a crowbar, he struck him to the ground—dead.

The body was then removed to a small outhouse adjoining the mines, and the medical man of the district sent for. From the proprietor he received instructions to make a post-mortem examination of his victim. The doctor, fully aware of the mob law which existed at the mines, dare not refuse, and the consequence was that the diamond, which was found to be worth no less than £10,000, was recovered.

AN ASTUTE OLD SALT.

The town of Greymouth, in Tasmania, grew very fast. Mines of coal as well as of gold were opened; trade sprang up with Hobart, and a genial skipper from that port entertained all hearers at the hotel with glowing accounts of the beauty of the Hobart girls.

Ladies were scarce in those early days, and the fun waxing fast over drinks all round, each one in joke commissioned the skipper to bring him a wife next time at £20 passage money.

The ship sailed, and the joke was forgotten, but not by the skipper. That astute old salt calculated that young ladies, £20 each passage money, paid better than timber, or potatoes even; so he went over, and with glowing accounts of the rich bachelors at Greymouth waiting for wives, persuaded about a dozen Hobart girls to go out on speculation to order.

Arriving at Greymouth, he calmly reported to each joker—horror-stricken specially were the married ones—that the commission was executed and the consignment to hand, £20 to pay. Twenty pounds was not much to pay in those days for such a good joke, especially one of a delicate nature that required hushing up; so nearly all paid up, and laughed.

The sweet young Hobartians soon got husbands or situations, and all ended well.

CHURCH ALES.

Although sports, such as bowls, quoits, ninepins, archery, shuffleboard, etc., were allowed by James I. on Sunday after divine service in 1617, they seem to have been indulged in at the time of the Puritans; but among the amusements disliked by sober-minded people were bull and bear baiting, and these cruel sports were often scenes of riot and violent disorder.

In 1590 two of the Horners forcibly took a bear from the bear-keeper at Taunton on a Saturday at midnight, and "did, by the space of three hours, with dogges and other devices, and whipps and wheelbarrows, bayt the said beare, and did not tye the said beare, but in this manner bayted him lose."

Bulls were actually baited within the precincts of Wells Cathedral on Sunday, and the sport was enforced by law, for it was considered that it made the flesh more wholesome. Accordingly we find that in 1612 a butcher of Wells was summoned before the city magistrates for having slaughtered a bull "not first bayted," and punished accordingly.

While James I. by the Act mentioned, in 1617, prohibited bull and bear baiting on Sundays, he insisted that the people should carry on their sports after morning prayer, and this in the very year that Episcopacy was established in Scotland by his order.

But the question of Sunday sports came to a crisis in the diocese of Bath and Wells on the attempt to put down "wakes" and "ales." The "wakes" were parish feasts originally held on the dedication day of the church. They had, however, come to be held on Sundays; and the church "ales," forbidden by the commissioner of Edward VI. in 1551, had been revived.

Bishop Piers in 1632 strongly upheld them. "By church ales," he writes, "many poor parishes have cast their bells, repaired their towers, beautified their churches, and raised stock for the poor." There were also "clerk ales" for paying the parish clerk, held on Sundays; but "bid ales," for setting up poor men, were laid aside.

These wakes and ales were often scenes of debauchery and violence. The report of an "ale" held in 1592 is curious. Langham and Horner, having a quarrel with Sydenham, ranger of Exmoor, about a prosecution for deer-stalking, determined to hold a Sunday "ale" and sports at Kilgate, where Sydenham was churchwarden, in order to raise money to prosecute suits against him.

In spite of Sydenham's resistance, they stored the ale in the church house, and sent round to sixteen parishes, bidding the clergy give notice of the "ale" in their churches during the service, and this was accordingly done. On the day of the "ale" a large party was expected from Taunton, and a man was set on the church tower to watch for their coming. As soon as he saw them he ran into church where Mr. Langham, the curate, was in the middle of the service, crying out, "They are come—they are come, Mr. Langham! Ring out the bells!" On this the service was stopped, and all the congregation went out to meet the visitors.

They were forbidden again in 1632 by Lord Chief Justice Richardson, and described as the "deboyest and worst" desecration of the Sabbath, but Bishop Piers appealed to Archbishop Laud, saying that "if the people could not have their sports and recreations upon Sundays after *evening* prayers, they would gather into tippling houses, and there at their ale benches do things worse."

Upon this the King (Charles I.) ordered his father's "Declaration of Sunday Sports" to be read in the churches, and Piers censured the rector of Beercocombe for preaching twice on the revel day "as a hindrance to the revel, and an utterance to the church-ale provided." Nevertheless, the Vicar of Montacute was bold enough on the day of Montacute Wake, in 1635, to preach from Joel ii. on a text which the bishop is said to have described as "scandalous to the revels," and the clergy by their counsel answered Laud that on the "Sundays on which sports were held there were better congregations, and larger communions, and that they tended to the settlement of quarrels, and the relief of the poor."

AN IMPORTANT OMISSION.

The mother's suspicions were aroused, and that night, when the young man left the house and the daughter came upstairs, she interviewed her.

"Elizabeth," she said, sternly, "didn't I hear Mr. Smipley kissing you in the parlour as I came along the hall?"

"No, mamma, you didn't," responded the daughter, emphatically.

"Well, didn't he try to kiss you?" persisted the mother.

"Yes, mamma," demurely.

The mother spoke triumphantly—

"I knew it," she said. "Did you permit him to do so?"

"No, mamma, I did not. I told him that you had always taught me that I should not permit any young man to kiss me."

"That was right, that was right, my dear," said the mother, encouragingly. "And what did he say to that?"

The girl blushed, but was undaunted. "He asked me if you had told me I was never to kiss a young man."

The mother began to feel that possibly she had omitted a vital link in the chain of her instructions. "What did you tell him?" she asked, nervously.

"I said I didn't remember if you had."

The girl stopped, and the mother broke out urgently, "Well, go on, go on."

"I expect that's what you heard, mamma," and the daughter waited for the storm to burst.

A TALE OF TOMMY.

Tommy is only three years old. He is to a great extent a reputable and well-conducted citizen, his chief moral weakness being (as with many older and wiser people) a passion for the forbidden. Never mind what, only let some particular course of action or manner of speech become vetoed by the powers above him, and Tommy rests not day or night till he has performed that action or spoken that speech.

The other night he was being prepared for his little cot, and while his mother was buttoning his small nightshirt, his father passed through the nursery into an adjoining room. He laid his hat down on a chair, saying to his wife "Don't let that youngster sit on my hat, Mary."

That was enough; as the words struck Tommy's ear an expression of alert attention, mingled with dawning determination, crept into his round eyes.

"Want to sit down in papa's hat," he presently announced, calmly.

"No, Tommy," his mother said, "you heard what papa said. If you touch that hat I shall whip you well."

Tommy spoke not; Napoleonic determination does not waste words, it acts. But the moment he was released from his mother's hands he marched across the room, and firmly sat down on the hat.

Then Tommy's mother fulfilled her part of the contract, and he was placed in his cot a prayerless, supperless, sobbing little urchin. When his father returned the case was explained to him, with the concluding words, "Tommy is a naughty boy, so he doesn't want to say prayers to-night."

Instantly his sobs lessened in volume, while the sufferer gave his attention to this statement of the case. He didn't want to say prayers, didn't he? That was all they knew about it. Presently a fresh burst of grief from the cot, mingled with the information, "Tommy wants to say prayers."

Now, Tommy's mother believes devoutly in the efficacy of prayer; and although she had schooled herself to adamantine firmness as to the supper part of the punishment, she was waiting in the nursery, and folding all the tiny clothes many times over to give Tommy's hardened soul a chance to reach this very point in its evolution.

She went to the cot and lifted him out. He knelt upon her lap, and folded his fat little hands. He was still heaving with the sobs of grief and astonishment at finding that whipping "hurts," and to give him time to recover, his mother reasoned with him on the enormity of his crime.

"Does Tommy want to ask God to forgive him, and make him a good boy?" she asked, when at length he grew calmer.

"Ess," he gulped.

"Then say your prayers like a nice little boy," she advised.

Then, with another gulp, he offered the following form of petition: "Please God, make Tommy a good boy; and bless papa and mamma, and don't let him sit in papa's hat, and let a piece of bread and milk come to Tommy in the night sake. Amen."

A mixture of devotion and diplomacy that reached one hearer at least with great directness, so that whether he was made a good boy or not I don't know; but I am quite sure that "a piece of bread and milk" came to him in the night.

"I was hit on the head and knocked senseless by a brick-bat when I was a boy," said Mr. Dullpate.

"Dear me," replied Miss Brasher, "and is it absolutely incurable?"

"I tell you," said the new policeman, "I'd like to arrest somebody. I haven't had a chance yet."

"Well," replied the veteran, "you just tackle most anyone you see carrying an umbrella. The chances are that you will make a case."

Susan: "Oh, Mr. Milkman, please missus objecks to your milk. We keep findin' bits o' wood an' things in it."

Imperturbable Simpson: "It's all right. The fact is, our cow has got a wooden leg."

"I once had an income of five shillings a minute," said the man who had just accepted a penny with profuse thanks.

"Really?"

"Yes, indeed. It only lasted three minutes though. I was playing nap at the time."

The value of a thing cannot always be reckoned by the price which it may fetch. A bibliomaniac having one day purchased a book at an absurd price, someone observed to him that it was very dear.

"Ah! but then it is very rare."

"But suppose it should be reprinted?"

"Reprinted? What nonsense! No one would buy a copy of it."

At a Turkish bath in Paris a visitor patiently submitted to the various operations of rubbing, kneading and pummelling comprised in the treatment. When the shampoo was over, the attendant dried him with a towel, after which he dealt the patient three heavy and sonorous blows with the flat of the hand.

"*Mille tonnerres!*" the victim ejaculated; "what did you strike me for?"

"Ah! monsieur, don't let that trouble you," was the reply, "it was only to let the other man know that I had done with you, and that he is to send me the next customer. You see, we haven't a bell in this room."

The proverb which can be made out of the letters contained in the sentence: I CAN'T SEE MINA IN THIS VEST, is A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE. Pencil-cases have been forwarded to the following twenty-five persons:—

W. G. Smith, 10 Northwood-rd, Highgate; Amy Poulton, Rosamond-villas, 5 Osborne-rd, Thornton Heath; Miss Bennett, care of G. Lenox, Esq., Pontypridd; B. Weiss; A. H. Rice, 2 Vicarage-ter, Barnstaple; H. Martin, 3 York-ter, Gosport; J. J. Winterbottom, 5A Richmond-av, Fairview, co. Dublin; A. McKim, 7 Weir-st, Coatbridge; E. Gerald, 84 Tunnel-rd, Liverpool; P. Derby, 88 King-st, Castle Douglas, N.B.; A. Smith, 199 Keelings-lane, Hanley; G. Warren, 12 Emmanuel-rd, Cambridge; Miss Bonner, Haverby Rise, St. Brannocks-rd, Ilfracombe; G. Coleman, Walsingham House, Piccadilly; Mary Gratton, 15 Prospect-ter, West Green-rd, Tottenham; Mrs J. Batterbee, 7 Park-row, Park-st, Spring-st, Hull; R. Gosld, Chovelly Lodge, Leamington; F. S. Finden, 12 West Rock, Warwick; A. Cole, 102 Chorley Old-rd, Bolton; H. Henson, 4 Palmerston-rd, Sparkbrook, Birmingham; Miss Irving, Garstone, Lansdowne-rd, Malvern; A. Webb, 219 Roman-rd, Bow; L. J. Owens, 10 Cyfarthfa-st, Roath, Cardiff; J. Williams, 34 Quest-st, Leigh; R. Holley, 26 College-place, Camden Town; W. Sewell, St. Cuthbert's-sq, Blaydon-on-Tyne.

—The purpose of this venture is to avoid scandal, slander and libel, and to produce a really good society paper which will be neither scurrilous nor indecent. It has a noble aim, and will, I trust, achieve the success which it so worthily deserves. An opinion prevails amongst many who are deemed qualified to judge that the so-called society papers owe their prosperity to their grossness and vulgarity.—

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

1061. How much Work does a Man's Heart do in a Year?

As a matter of fact, the heart does a fifth of the mechanical work of the whole organism. The "unit of work," as it is named in England, is a convenient standard of power. It is defined as that amount of energy which is expended in raising one pound weight one foot high. On this basis, the work done by the heart at each beat is measured by tying a tube into an artery, and multiplying the weight of blood expelled by the ventricles by the height to which the blood rises in the tube, which is about 9 feet for a large artery. The result arrived at is a trifle over 3 foot-pounds as the work done by the heart at each beat, and in 24 hours a man's heart does an amount of work equal to 124 foot-tons. In other words, if the whole force expended by the heart in 24 hours were gathered into one huge stroke, such a power would lift 124 tons one foot off the ground, and for a year the amount would reach the enormous total of 45,260 tons. Putting the work into mileage, a still more extraordinary result is obtained. If the tube referred to above were laid horizontally, and prolonged indefinitely, the heart would pump blood through it at the rate of 7 miles an hour, or 61,320 miles a year.

1062. Which Monarch now Ruling can Boast the Longest Line of Kingly Ancestors?

The present Emperor of Germany—William II. His ancestry is kingly in both male and female line. In the direct male line he traces his lineage to the first Count of Zollern, through the Burgrave of Nuremberg. Thassilon established the House of Hohenzollern about the year 800, and without taking the female line into consideration, this gives the Emperor about thirty generations of kingly ancestors. But this is greatly added to by tracing his descent from his mother's side. She was the daughter of our own Queen Victoria, whose ancestry goes back to Rollo, the founder of the Norman line and ancestor of William the Conqueror. But Victoria also traces her descent to the Saxon line of kings in England. Victoria, again, is a descendant through Edward III. of England, of Hugh Capet, the founder of a French line of kings, in 987. Edward III. was son of Isabella of France, and she, being daughter of Philip IV., was direct heir in the male line of Hugh Capet. No other monarch, therefore, can boast either so long a lineage or point to so many royalties as the present German Emperor. It may be mentioned that the present Emperor of Japan claims to be the 123rd of his line, and to trace his royal descent back through twenty-six centuries. Unfortunately, however, many oriental genealogical trees have their roots in the clouds.

1063. When was English Social Life at its Lowest Ebb?

English social life reached the lowest ebb possible under the respective conditions of the times at two different periods. As regards ancient England we must look to the time in which the English Chronicle came to a close. This was in the first quarter of the twelfth century, when the law and order enforced by the Conqueror and his sons was broken up by the civil war between Stephen and Maud. Until this ended, England was a mere chaos of pillage and bloodshed. There was no law but club law, and the whole nation was divided into two classes, the plunderers and the plundered. With regard to modern England the first quarter of the eighteenth century was distinctly the worst from a social point of view. The lower classes of that day were degraded almost to the verge of bestiality. Crime, disease, and universal licentiousness desolated the great cities unchecked, while the upper classes, steeped to the lips in vice, and completely occupied by the most ridiculous follies, scoffed at all ideas of reform, and looked upon the horrors around them as natural and inevitable conditions of life. In a word, among the lower classes of the eighteenth century life was a tragedy, and among the upper classes it was a masquerade.

1064. Is there any Reason to Believe that the Atlantis of the Ancients ever Existed as a Country?

There is no doubt that during the later Tertiary period, that portion of the bed of the Atlantic which rises nine thousand feet above the lowest depths, and stretches over two thousand miles from east to west, was dry land. Of this fact both deep-sea soundings and geological researches on both sides of the Atlantic furnish the clearest evidence. Moreover, it is extremely probable that this land was peopled by a race, whose language was akin both to the isolated Basque in Europe and the aboriginal tongues of America, and who possessed the same shaped skull as that which is found both on the Canary Islands and on the Carribs on the other side of the Atlantic. There seems to be but little doubt as to this ancient land having been the true original of those fantastic legends which have clustered round the name Atlantis. Whether it was an island or a prolongation westward of what is now America, or southward of what is now Greenland, can never be known, any more than the manner in which its traditions were handed down for so many ages, as must have elapsed between the period of its existence and the time of the Celts, who called it Avalon, and the Greeks, who called it Atlantis.

1065. How is the Common Sensation of having Previously Passed through a Certain Experience to be Accounted For?

There are two theories current on this subject, and they may be respectively designated the physiological and the spiritual. According to the former, thought, whatever it may be in reality, is regarded as a purely material process or mechanical function of the brain. Now, we have two brains, a right and a left, of which the left is by far the more active. Both, however, proceed on parallel lines of thought. The left outstrips the right and presents its thought first, and on this we act. Then the right presents its version, it may be but a moment afterwards, but, as the brain has no knowledge of time apart from the succession of external events, the second version of the thought has no temporal connection with the first, and hence it is instinctively referred to an indefinitely anterior period. Thus the idea of a repeated experience arises. It has also been found that dreams often anticipate the events of waking life, and are unconsciously remembered as actual past experiences. According to the spiritual theory this life is but one of many in which the same soul, or spirit, is successively incarnated in different material bodies. In the course of many lives similar experiences will almost infallibly be repeated, and, though continuous memory is only possessed by a very small number of souls in a very high state of development, fragmentary memory is possessed by a comparatively large number, and now and then the veil which divides one life from another is partially drawn aside and the phenomenon of recurrent experience is manifested. Those who hold this theory believe that every human soul will in the course of a varying number of re-incarnations reach a stage of development from which the whole course of its previous existences will be simultaneously visible, and that the contemplation of their mingled good and evil will be the just reward of the responsible being who has lived them.

1066. Why Does Wind Extinguish a Small Flame and Increase a Large One?

A flame is composed of particles of incandescent matter in a state of extreme agitation, and its existence depends upon two conditions. There must be a constant supply of oxygen, and the temperature of the burning mass must be kept above a certain degree. A small flame contains a small amount of heat, and the wind, while it supplies an excess of oxygen, replaces the envelope of heated air so fast that the temperature falls below the point of incandescence, and the flame "goes out." On the other hand, a large flame contains a large amount of heat, and makes use of all the oxygen that the wind conveys to it. Thus a volume of cold air, sufficient to bring the temperature of the whole burning mass below the point of ignition, cannot be conveyed to it. The constant supply of oxygen, therefore, simply goes to make the combustion more intense.

1068. Does the Practice of Singing in any way Counteract a Tendency to Consumption?

The evidence of a skilful medical man, who has considerable claim to be called a specialist in cases of consumption, warrants the assertion that the practice of singing tends to counteract a tendency to consumption. He says:—"There can be no doubt whatever as to the great benefit of the habit of deep breathing, deep expiration, and full inspiration in ordinary life. Children ought to be regularly trained to do this. Under present circumstances, at ten years of age they have lost nearly nine inches of chest girth. I should like to see true physical development a necessary part of the education of children, and I have always advised singing when the lungs have been developed to a certain degree. The great curse of this country is consumption, and children suffer heavily through it. To develop the lungs thoroughly, and maintain that development, is the only means of preventing consumption." Among the several methods for this development, singing is one of the most effectual. Of course, in the case of a patient, in whom consumption has made some considerable progress, the practice of singing is likely to prove injurious if persisted in too freely, the lungs not having sufficient reserve strength to allow of the exertion without undue fatigue —a very serious consideration to the sufferer.

1069. At which Period of the Night does a Healthy Person Sleep most Soundly?

This is greatly dependent on the amount and kind of exertion the sleeper has undergone during the day, and the consequent stage of bodily or mental fatigue he has attained before retiring to rest. According to Kohlschutter, sleep at first deepens very quickly, then more gradually, and the soundest sleep is attained after one hour of slumber; but Monninghoff and Priesbergen say that not until after one hour and a half is the maximum of repose reached. It then rapidly lightens until, a few hours before waking, it is very light. External or internal stimuli may of course suddenly diminish the depth of the sleep, but this may be followed again by deep slumber. The deeper the sleep the longer it will last, but the sleeper is more readily roused towards its conclusion than at its commencement.

1070. Can We See Light?

It is one of the many paradoxes of nature that light which makes all things visible is itself invisible. Sound, light and heat, as we conceive them, are simply stimuli of special sense-organs, and what they are in their ultimate essence must for ever remain unknown. Apart from the perception of living beings, the universe is a dark, colourless, and silent wilderness of moving bodies. There is no light apart from the eye that sees, and no sound apart from the ear that hears. We do not see light itself, but the bodies which as we say "reflect" it. This may be amply proved as follows:—1. By means of the tenebroscope, which is a tube closed at one end and blackened inside. It has two small apertures in its sides opposite to each other, and through these a ray of light is passed. On looking into the tube no light-ray can be seen, but a small ivory ball brought into the path of the ray immediately becomes visible. 2. A ray of sunlight admitted into a darkened room is visible only by the reflection of the particles of dust on which it falls. Put the white-hot end of a poker into this ray, and it will burn up the particles and produce a gap of darkness on either side of it. 3. The sun is always shining, yet at night we can see none of its light above us save what falls on the moon and the planets. This is because beyond the limits of our atmosphere there are none of those minute particles of matter which make his light visible to us during the time that our portion of the earth and the atmosphere are turned towards his rays.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from our readers. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all matter printed at our ordinary rate of two guineas a column. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies," in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

1091. Which is the heaviest part of the body, bulk for bulk?

1092. Who holds the most lucrative official position in Great Britain?

1093. Have insane people, as a rule, any fear of death?

1094. Did Englishmen smoke before tobacco was introduced?

1095. Is it true that no two persons see alike?

1096. Why should the south pole be so much colder than the north?

1097. Is the average Englishman of to-day better off than he was 300 years ago?

1098. Which victory of the English arms has had the greatest effect on our national life?

1099. Why do sweet substances produce thirst?

1100. How much does the human race eat in a day?

PECULIAR ACCIDENTS.

No. 4.

Remarkable Death through Wearing a Tall Hat.

WE give particulars this week of an extraordinary accident which happened to a Northampton gentleman some time back. He was wearing at the time an ordinary high hat, and in hurrying under a low gateway the top of his hat struck the crosstree of the gate, and his head was badly injured. A doctor was immediately called in, but fatal results ensued three days after.

A *post-mortem* examination being held, it was found that death had been caused by concussion of the brain.

It appears that the hat had been driven with such force upon the head as to cause compression of the skull upon the brain.

With the prudence which characterises the good business man, the deceased had taken out a Policy of Insurance against Accidents with the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited, and his widow received the sum of £1,000.

—"and certainly some of the number which are largely circulated are coarse and unclean enough and not fit to be admitted into a respectable household. If it can be proved by this new effort that a journal of the kind may flourish whilst it ignores veiled obscenity or debasing personalities a great point will be gained. I hope to hear ere long that 'Pearson's Society News' has obtained a wide circulation."

A FUNNY BLESSING.

I'm sure I'd have long ago ceased to exist,
  Or existed with brain rather hazy,
Or perhaps been obliged my abode to take up
  With those poor souls their friends declare crazy.
For my shadowy days and the hours of gloom
  I have known far outnumber the sunny;
But this is what saved me. I always could see
  The side of the world that is funny.

How to choose the best pathway through life I have thought
  Till my brow I have marked with two creases:
I have built the most beautiful castles in Spain,
  And have seen them all tumble to pieces;
I've lost friends a many in various ways,
  I have never had half enough money.
But despair's passed me by, for I always could see
  The side of the world that is funny.

And I firmly believe that the more we can laugh
  The stronger we'll be to face sorrow.
So accept of life's worries the least that you can,
  And be sure that you none of them borrow;
And if, looking for sweets, you find only the comb
  From which someone's extracted the honey,
You won't mind it a bit if so blessed you can see
  The side of the world that is funny.

HOW LOCUSTS ARE TAKEN.

Locusts are offered for sale in the markets of Arabia, Syria, and Egypt. The African bushman cooks them by making great fires. The locusts fly into the flames, their wings are burned, they fall, and are roasted; then the bushman draws them forth, eats, and is happy. Some Europeans do not fancy their nutlike flavour, especially at first, while others find them quite palatable.

Lady Ann Blunt tells of riding through a part of Northern Arabia where a swarm of locusts had lately passed, leaving their dead and stragglers behind them. The camels ate these as a relishing morsel with their provender, and her greyhounds picked them up all day, eating a great many of them. She says they were regularly used in camp as a part of the day's ration, and were a very fair substitute for vegetables, their flavour being something like that of wheat still in the milk.

After trying the many different modes of cooking, all the Europeans agreed that they preferred them simply boiled. When cooked, they took the creatures daintily by the wings, pulled off their long legs, dipped them in salt, and "ate them with much relish." Lady Ann, when she first tasted them, thought them "fairly good," but soon came to consider them "a most excellent article of diet." During her visit to Arabia, many of the tribes were wholly dependent upon locusts and camel's milk for their food.

FORTUNE IN ACCIDENT.

Ingenuity is a great thing and overcomes many awkward difficulties. Not long since it enabled a circus proprietor in Sydney, the feature of whose show was a chariot race, to do better without horses than he could have done with them, a feat which seems impossible, but is nevertheless true. This is the narrative of the ingenious gentleman:—

"When I landed in Sydney, Australia, I found Sells Brothers' circus quartered in the town. The city was hung in red posters. A prominent feature in the bills was the chariot race in Ben Hur. At the hotel I met a friend who is with the show. I noticed that he had a doleful look on his face, and, after a hearty greeting, I asked him how business looked.

"'Bad, awfully bad!' he replied. 'The fact is,' he continued, 'we are in trouble. As soon as we landed the authorities here seized nearly all of our horses on the pretence that they were afflicted with glanders. As a matter of fact they caught cold on ship-board, but didn't have the glanders. They have shot fifteen of the steeds, among them the trick horses. I don't mind the trick horses, but what are we going to do for the chariot race? We have advertised it as a special and novel feature, and have no horses to use. It will break us!'

"I suggested in fun that he might use the canvas-men for horses. Well, I went to the circus that night just to see how they got along. Imagine my surprise when the ring-master came out and announced the great chariot race.

"'It is an undisputed fact,' said he, 'that the chariot races of old were run with men and not horses. The management has secured the services of eight of the fleetest runners of the world, and you will now have the pleasure of witnessing a chariot race as they were run in olden times.'

"The doors opened and Ben Hur and his antagonist dashed into the ring, drawn by eight tent hands, who couldn't run a hundred yards in a hundred seconds. It was the funniest thing I ever saw. The audience appreciated it, and laughed till they were hoarse. Instead of ruining their business, it proved a perfect Bonanza to Sells Brothers. People flocked to the performance to see the strange sight. The week's stand was lengthened out to three weeks, and the show coined money."

NEIL GOW'S BRAW ROOM.

An eccentric Scotch pedlar named Neil Gow was on intimate terms with the Duke of Athole of his day, grandfather of the present Duke. One day his grace was showing Neil a room in Athole Castle which he declared had cost him over a hundred pounds to have varnished. "Hoot, man, that's nathing," exclaimed the fiddler, quite unabashed; "I've a room in my ain hoose cost a lot more than that for the same job."

"Indeed," remarked the Duke, with an incredulous smile, knowing Neil's humble style of life, and his fondness of a joke as well, "I must come and see that wonderful room of yours, Neil."

"Whenever you like, your grace," was the response.

"All right, then; expect me down to-morrow."

On the following day, sure enough, the Duke made his appearance at Neil's thatch-roof cottage, and was shown into the dingy, low-raftered kitchen, with the peat-reek curling round in blinding eddies. There he found the Paganini of the North busily engaged at some profound arithmetical problem.

"Well, Neil, where is this extraordinary room of yours?" inquired the Duke.

"It's just where you stand, your grace."

"How do you make that out?"

"Well, you see for yourself that the walls and rafters are as black as jet, and as glossy as my fiddle here?"

"Certainly; I suppose that is caused by the peat-reek?"

"That's whar you're richt, sir; and I've just been calculating that I've burned some five hundred loads of peat to produce that effect, and five hundred loads at ten shillings is exactly two hundred and fifty pounds. What's your hundred pounds to that?"

The Duke was convinced.

ONE HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR.

Travel at the rate of a hundred miles an hour may soon be no longer a dream but a commonplace fact, for articles of incorporation have just been filed in Illinois by the Chicago and St. Louis Electric Railway Company, which proposes to build a line on which wedge-shaped cars, driven by a novel form of electric motor, will make the distance between those two cities in two hours and a half.

At first only a double track will be built, but ultimately there are to be four tracks, of which the two outside ones will be reserved for local traffic and high-class goods, and the company's plan includes the laying out along the line of broad avenues, facing which will be neat cottages and houses with long, narrow farmlands reaching back into the country.

The electric cars are to be long, low, compact, and light, with two pairs of driving wheels, each operated by a motor. Each car will weigh only ten tons, and the wheels will be capable of making five hundred revolutions a minute. A wedge-shaped projection in front, sloping upwards, will diminish the friction of the air and will serve to keep the car steady.

Safety is to be secured by dividing the line into twenty-five sections of ten miles each, so as to constitute a complete block system. One central-power station, six or eight miles from Clinton, De Witt County, Illinois, will furnish the electricity required for operating the entire line, and will also provide additional electric power to be let to farmers and residents along the line for their special purposes, and provide for an electric-light plant and a telephone line the whole way from Chicago to St. Louis.

This reads like a novel of Jules Verne, but it is not impossible, and the details seem to have been studied with knowledge and intelligence. May we live to ride on the Chicago and St. Louis Electric Railway, and prattle, as we flash along like a comet, of the old-fashioned, slow-coach days of 1892.

WINNERS OF HALF-CROWNS IN

SPELLING COMPETITION No. 14.

H. Hirschfeld, publisher, Fetter-la, E.C.; Chas. Paynter, 8 Whitford-rd, Birkenhead; J. Goodwyn, Moorcroft Middle Farm, Minsterworth; R. Griffiths, 35 [illegible] Liverpool; [illegible] Russell, Church-la, Smethwick; A. Gore, 10 St. [illegible] Norwich; H. Wood, Durham House, Mitcham; A. Clarke, 45 New [illegible] Salford; [illegible] Preece, jun., 12 [illegible], Shelton; T. Atkinson, [illegible] Walker-st, Hull; Miss Mason, 8 [illegible], Keswick; A. C. Griffith, [illegible] Chester; [illegible] Shipton, Worcester; Rev. Watts Ditchfield, [illegible] [illegible] D. Jolley, 119 [illegible], Plumstead; W. Addison, 17 [illegible]; [illegible] Garlick, 75 [illegible], Macclesfield; W. [illegible] Hereford; E. Whiteway, [illegible] Regent-rd, Exeter; H. Hall, [illegible] Wm. Salway, 48 Upper [illegible] S.E.; A. Logan, [illegible] Clacton-on-Sea; F. W. White, [illegible] Forest Hill, S.E.; [illegible] Huntingdon; C. Crossley, [illegible] Brighton; Mrs. Gossard, [illegible] Birkdale, Lancs; A. Barrows, [illegible] Rochester; E. Baldwin, Ivy-cottage, Tonbridge-rd, Maidstone, Kent; [illegible] Stoke-on-Trent; W. I. Buckley, The Academy, [illegible] Smith, [illegible] Norfolk [illegible], Colchester; Septimus [illegible] Southport; W. A. Wells, Post Office, Dovercourt; [illegible] Folkestone; E. Langdon, [illegible] S.E.; A. C. Williams, [illegible] Penzance; L. Richardson, Osmond Cottage, Richmond; C. M. Rooke, Handsworth, nr Sheffield; C. Simpson, [illegible] Vincent-sq, Westminster; T. H. Poole, Telegraph Dept., Bristol; W. Rayner, [illegible] York-st, [illegible]; H. Watkins, 1 Jubilee-ter, [illegible], Newport; Miss Mitchell, 1 [illegible], Woodford; Pte. Young, [illegible] Devonport; J. Owen, 11 [illegible]; Geo. [illegible] 11 Hudson-st, Blue Bell Hill, Nottingham; [illegible] Ardwick; [illegible]; S. Crompton, 6 York-rd, [illegible]; J. Tate, 27 Princess-ave, Princes-rd, Liverpool; H. Walker, [illegible] N.; [illegible] Robinson, 17 Chancellor-rd, W. Dulwich; A. [illegible] Street, 6 [illegible], Exeter; F. W. Youles, Paddington Station; E. White, Admiralty Office, [illegible]; W. Prewett, 12 Compton-wk, Southampton; A. McKenzie, [illegible] Ireland; S. Lawrence, 29 [illegible]; [illegible] Hotel, Waterloo Station, L. & S. W. Ry.; J. Mackenzie, Osborne Hotel, Folkestone; Emily Williams, 81 Kendal-rise, Leeds; R. Beeston, 416 Oxford-st, W.; [illegible] Hamilton, [illegible], N.B.; Co.-Sergt.-Major Ranes, R.E., [illegible] Wood, 38 York-st, Belfast; F. Mills, 11 [illegible], Coventry; Geo. Hayes, [illegible] Haverstock Hill, N.; F. H. Ward, 10 [illegible] Cardiff; H. Bray, [illegible] Congleton, Cheshire; C. Freemantle, Marlborough House, [illegible] Yarmouth; A. V. Prior, H.M.S. [illegible], Portland, Dorset; W. Ashford, White Horse, Baldock; A. E. Watson, 146 St. James-rd, Croydon; John Boyd, [illegible] West Derby; A. Lunn, [illegible] West Kirby; E. Wilford, 7 [illegible], E.C.; James Paton, Stormontfield, Perth, Scotland; Mrs. Bowen; [illegible], Broughton, Manchester; H. W. [illegible], Central Police Office, Glasgow; W. J. Johnston, Main-st, Hillsborough, co. Down; David Moir, 19 [illegible], Aberdeen.

PLAYING TO WIN.

Here is a description of the gaming scenes that formed so prominent a feature during the first discovery of gold in California by the miners. They gambled everywhere, the owners of the gambling shops being mostly Jews. The stakes were certain amounts of gold dust valued at so much money. The gambling-rooms were for the most part frequented from morning till night.

At one of them, managed by a Jew, a mere boy made his appearance, and staked some trifling sum, whereupon he was informed that only large stakes were played for. And he replied by placing a bag upon the table, which, he said, contained gold. He won considerably, and increased his stake as he did so. The deal being out, the banker, the same cool, imperturbable figure, chose another pack of cards, and shuffled and cut, and re-shuffled them, until the patience of the crowd, which was none too much, was almost exhausted. It was the boy's cut, and a lay-out was made.

"Jack and Queen. Come, down with your dust. Gentlemen, make your bets."

The little fellow was very much puzzled. It was a hard matter to chose between the Jack and the Queen. Another lay-out was made—the deuce against the seven.

"Twenty-five ounces on the deuce," said the little man, piling all his winnings round the card.

The play began; the deck was faced; and, as I live, the boy won the full amount of his bet.

Another shuffle and another lay-out was made. The field was now given up entirely to the two antagonists. The ace and the five were the cards. Against all our hints the boy staked his fifty ounces on the five. We were breathless with fear. The dealer himself paused a little before drawing the cards, but at length the deck was faced, and slowly and cautiously the cards were drawn, one by one—deuce, tray, king, queen, and seven, appear in succession—and then—the five! The boy was again victorious. His fifty ounces were now one hundred ounces.

The last round made a large chasm in the appearance of the bank, and the table in front of the little hero was absolutely covered with money. The banker was as cool and methodical as ever. Taking a fresh pack he shuffled it carefully and made another lay-out. The boy bet his one hundred ounces, and was again victorious! Two hundred ounces were now piled up before him. We advised him to desist, not to tempt his luck too far; but he coolly replied:—

"I'll break that bank, or it'll break me!"

"Queen and tray. Come down," said the dealer in a deliberate voice.

"How much have you in the bank?" asked the boy.

"A hundred and fifty ounces."

"I lay the bank upon the queen."

This would decide the game. A stillness as of death was upon the crowd; our breath was hushed; our very hearts ceased to beat; the suspense became painful; even the banker paused, and wiped the cold drops from his brow. The deck was faced at last, and calmly, steadily, and without hurry, the cards were drawn one by one. One—two—three—four—five—he had lost! The queen had thrown him; and his entire pile of winnings were ruthlessly swept away by the sharp croupier beyond.

Dizzy and sick with the result, we turned our eyes upon the loser. He bore himself bravely, and did not seem to feel the loss half as keenly as ourselves. He looked about with a stern defying air, as if to chide us for our sympathy. As yet he had lost nothing. His large buckskin bag was still intact. Laying it upon the table with the air of a Cæsar, he put his all upon the throw, defying fate to do her worst.

Our pity was suddenly changed to admiration. We felt that he was lost; but we were sure that he would die game. The cards were again shuffled and cut. The seven and the king were laid out; the boy chose the king. The cards were drawn, slowly and steadily. At last the seven appeared, and the game was ended. He saw his well-filled purse stowed away along with many others within that Chinese box, and whistling "O, Californy," turned his back upon the scene.

The crowd parted sympathetically to let him through, and he strutted out with all the importance of a noted hero, the eyes of the astonished and admiring assemblage following him to the door. I passed out silently after him and joined him in the street. I could scarcely find words to express my sympathy for his loss. He looked at me furtively with one eye, without ceasing to whistle. I took his arm, and, leading him round the corner of the house, begged to know the amount of his loss, and if he had any money with which to come and go. He did not cease whistling, but planted himself firmly before me, and looked up. I took out my purse and offered him a part. The whistling instantly ceased; his face swelled into a broad and homely grin. Looking cautiously round, for fear of being overheard, he whispered:

"Mum's the word! I believe you're a good egg! You want to know how much was in that bag? Well, I'll tell you; just four pounds of duck-shot, mixed, and nothing more. What a row when they open it!"

And the little imp laughed till the tears were in his eyes. I, too, tried to laugh, but my sympathies were shocked; and I turned away from that premature scamp, and strode off with a heavy weight upon my spirits. But I had not gone far when the trick was even too much for my feelings, and I laughed long and heartily at its audacity.

THE NORTHAMPTON HERALD says:—"The society paragraphs are smartly written, a serial story makes a promising start—in fact, every page is of interest."
THE LONDON DISPATCH says:—"Threatens to be a formidable rival to the cheap gossip-sheets already in the market."

SOMETHING NEW AND STRANGE.

Under this heading we publish brief accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so.

Tinned Octopus may be very delicious, but it somehow does not appeal to me very forcibly, though it is said that the fish is considered a great delicacy by the Chinese. Only the small ones are eaten, and they are caught in earthenware jugs sunk to the bottom of the sea.

The Boil-not-over Saucepan. The chief advantage claimed for the new saucepan which Mr. W. Page, Pembroke Grove, Manchester, has patented is that it will not boil over. The saucepan is fitted with a ledge or flange about half an inch below the rim on which the cover fits. As soon as the water boils the lid acts as a sort of safety-valve, which is lifted up by the steam but is not displaced. The ledge prevents the water from being forced out. It can be obtained in various sizes, either tinned or enamelled, from Messrs. T. and C. Clark and Co., Wolverhampton, and is sold at a slight advance in price on the ordinary article.

A New Shoe-Cleaner. The genius for invention seems to be far more highly developed in America than anywhere else. A new machine has just been constructed over there for cleaning and polishing shoes automatically. The man takes his stand on a platform, upon which is erected a support for his body. He inserts his shoes through two openings in the centre of the frame. Shields are applied to the legs above to keep them from being blackened. First the shoes are brushed, then the blacking is applied, and the polishing is finished by four brushes, two working vertically for the sides of the foot and two horizontally for the heel and toe. The machine is set in motion by steam power.

New Steering Apparatus for Cycles. Mr. Fred W. Blacow, of 15, Victoria Street, Manchester, has invented a very simple cycle steering apparatus, which possesses most distinct advantages over the old style. A semi-circular tube of metal is fixed, horizontally and projecting towards the rider, to the horizontal cross-bar to which the handles are usually attached. The machine is directed by grasping the middle of the semi-circular bar and turning it in the required direction. Its chief points are that only one hand is required, the vibration is minimised, the "steerer" is more sensitive, while the cyclist will be able to sit in a more healthful position. The only wonder is that such a simple device has not been tried before.

The Magic Penny Bank. "Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves" is an old adage, which cannot be too often instilled into the minds of children. Messrs. Wright and Butler have just brought out a small tin "bank" in which to save half-pennies. It is made on the same principles as their original Sixpenny Bank; it will hold twenty-four half-pennies and cannot be opened except by main force until the last coin is put in. It should be a good thing for children, as they do not become possessed of silver sixpences with sufficient rapidity to make the sixpenny bank of any practical use. The Magic Penny Bank will last a lifetime, cannot get out of order, and costs one penny, or nine shillings per gross.

A Useful Garden Nail. A very useful article for gardeners and those interested in gardening may be obtained from Mr. Field, 54, Wilson Street, Finsbury, E.C. It consists of a wall nail for use in training rose and fruit trees, etc. The advantage claimed over the ordinary nail and cloth now used are, that they are much neater and more easily applied, the stem of the tree is allowed to ripen, which is not the case when cloth is used, and they do not harbour insects or their eggs. They are formed with a small shoulder, which allows them only to be driven in a certain distance, and a curved piece projecting from the side which serves to hold the plant. The head of the nail is directly over the point, so that the blow will drive it straight in.

A New Hand Camera. manufactured by Mr. P. Meslini, 34, Red Lion Street, Clerkenwell, E.C., is one of the neatest and most useful instruments we have yet seen in photographic apparatus. It is constructed in the handy and convenient form of the Detective Camera, with no outside projections, and can be used for practically any purpose. It is fitted with a Thornton Pickard's instantaneous shutter for detective work, with exposure adjustment from one-fifteenth to one-ninetieth of a second. It can also be employed with the greatest ease and with the best results for landscapes, portraits, and architectural work, as it has rising and cross fronts, focussing screen, and swing back. The machinery is extremely simple, and as it combines all the uses of the ordinary camera with the compactness of the Detective, it ought to find a ready sale. Its price, complete with three double-back slides, is £4 10s.

A Glass Savings Bank. Savings banks are now all the rage, and the inventors of novelties are vieing with each other in making unique things in this direction. The latest device in this line is a safe made of glass. As its contents are always visible it cannot be pilfered without detection, while the character of the material of which it is made is proof against the whim of the owner in the matter of opening it. It is claimed that the bank will encourage saving habits, while it is a neat and attractive ornament.

Tanning by Electricity. The uses to which electricity can be put seem to be practically unlimited. In America criminals are "electrocuted," and the death is said to be absolutely instantaneous and painless. In France some very successful experiments in "electroculture" have been carried out. Tomatoes ripen eight days earlier in electrified soil, and potatoes grow about twice the size. Its latest use is for tanning purposes. All the stray dogs in Paris are handed over to an enterprising manufacturer, who first of all "electrocutes" them, and then "electro-tans" their skins. By this new method the tanning process is completed in three or four days instead of eight months, and the leather is asserted to be of a far better quality.

Rain-Screen and Sunshade. Any improvement upon the glass shutter which is usually affixed to hansom cabs will be acceptable. For besides the fact that the passenger's hat and nose are in imminent peril when the shutter is shot up or down, he has to exist in an atmosphere as stuffy as an oven when it is closed. Mr. George Waylett, 56, Neal Street, Long Acre, W.C., is the sole manufacturer of a new rain-screen and sunshade for hansom cabs, which lets down in front to form a sort of awning. It can be lowered or raised by the occupant independently of the driver, and is light, strong, and simple in action. It affords perfect ventilation, and has been much appreciated by those who have had an opportunity of testing it. Its price, exclusive of fixing, is 42s.

The Family Crib. Now that self-contained rooms are becoming so much the fashion in London lodging-houses, the "family crib," which has been patented by a Hull man, will probably become a necessary article of furniture. It provides separate sleeping accommodation for two persons, and is constructed on the principle of the berths on board ship and can easily be fixed up in any room. The ordinary bed is particularly large and cumbersome for a room which has to serve as a sitting-room as well, and a berth is really quite big enough for one person to sleep in. This should be a very welcome innovation for the lodger who cannot afford to hire two rooms, as it is rather inconvenient to receive a friend or take one's meals in a room in which the bedstead takes up the greater portion of the available space.

If any reader of Pearson's Weekly *wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent, let him write to the Editor of this paper, marking the envelope* Patent. *The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with its sender.*

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.

Mrs. H. M. Stanley is trying to persuade her husband to write the story of his life.

When a young man, Mr. Herkomer did decorative work at South Kensington, and was glad to earn ninepence an hour.

When Lord Tennyson is asked to read his works aloud, he almost invariably selects the Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington, and after that Maud.

As an instance of what patient perseverance can accomplish, Mr. John Lee, a telegraphist in the General Post Office, Liverpool, obtained the sixth place in mental and moral science honours at the B.A. Examination of the Royal University of Ireland. The whole of his study was performed in his leisure time, after a day's work of eight hours.

Though the Queen of the Belgians is a most distinguished-looking woman and on special occasions dresses in a most stylish manner, she is generally absolutely indifferent to her personal appearance. She has been seen driving a splendid four-in-hand about Brussels with a fourpenny Zulu hat, trimmed with white gauze, perched on her head, her whole get-up having an unmistakably home-made air about it.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the authoress of Uncle Tom's Cabin, has just passed her eightieth birthday. She has written many other books, but none have had such a phenomenal sale. Uncle Tom's Cabin first appeared in serial form in the National Era, an anti-slavery paper. It has been translated into twenty different languages, and has also been dramatised. Mrs. Beecher Stowe is in very feeble health now. She rarely sees visitors, and frequently fails to recognise her old friends.

Mr. Robert Buchanan wrote a play which was acted before he was twenty.

Mr. Arthur James Balfour's love of music rivals his affection for golf. He is never so happy as when spending a week at Bayreuth with Wagner.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling was once offered £500 to write an article descriptive of his impressions of the Melbourne Cup, the great racing festival of the Southern hemisphere, but he refused.

Mr. Frank Lockwood, Q.C., declares that there are only three ways to succeed at the Bar. Firstly by influence, secondly by a miracle, and thirdly by Quarter Sessions. He chose the last.

Aimée Tessandier, the successor of Madame Bernhardt at the Comédie-Française in Paris, was an absolute failure at her first appearance on the stage. It was not until she was quite of mature years that she gained her great triumph as Lady Macbeth. She is the daughter of a Bordeaux labourer, and her early life was spent in great poverty and wretchedness.

The Duke of York, Prince George of Wales possesses a very curious book. In it are newspaper cuttings, describing his whole career; the portrait in Vanity Fair serves as a frontispiece. It was got together by one of his Lieutenants on the *Thrush*, and is one of his Royal Highnesses' most valued possessions. The volume is handsomely bound in calf, and has gold clasps stamped with the owner's monogram.

The Queen is devoted to dogs, and constantly visits the Royal kennels at Windsor. She prefers collies, but likes all four-footed canine beasts. When passing down between the well-aired kennels she gives each animal a pat and a kindly word of recognition. When the royal dogs die they are laid to rest in a special little cemetery. Each tiny grave is marked by a stone table about a foot long and eight inches across, whereon a few words are engraved giving the name and date of death.

The young Khedive of Egypt, Abbas Pasha, was educated at Vienna, where he was very popular with his fellow pupils, for he was known to stand in horror of all ceremony, and used to resent it greatly when his Governor, Martino Pasha, reminded him occasionally that he was of a princely race. The Khedive, who is, by the way, the youngest sovereign in the civilised world except Alexander of Servia, and the little king of Spain, is described as having a slight figure, large gentle eyes, a face of almost feminine delicacy of feature, and thick chestnut hair.

Henri Gervex, the famous French artist, is an indefatigable worker. He makes money easily and spends it with equal facility. He attends with unfailing regularity State dinners, aristocratic balls and weddings, and every sort of society function. No first-night performance is complete without him. He always carries about with him a small note-book in which he makes no end of fragmentary sketches, and when this book is full he has recourse to his spotless shirt-cuffs. He has made it a regular habit for the last fifteen years to sup at midnight and work into the early hours of the morning. He is a tall, well-built, handsome man of the world, and a brilliant conversationalist. He is thirty-five.

Miss Maude Millett, who is just making a tour through the seaside towns with her triple bill is a daughter of the late Major Millett, and was born in India in 1867. On her father's death, which occurred when she was still very young, her mother brought her back to England.

Miss Millett early developed a liking for the stage, and her first public appearance was in Twelfth Night Very soon after a part, which she played with great success, was offered her in The Private Secretary. She is a most accomplished actress, and is one of the prettiest ladies on the stage. She is most attached to her widowed mother.

If every actress could boast of the high moral character that she possesses, the talk about the lowering effect of the stage would be terminated once and for all. She takes a deep interest in every good work, and when she was last acting at Cambridge she spent the whole of one day helping at a local bazaar. Photographs of herself, with her own signature attached, had an enormous sale among the undergraduates, with whom she is a most popular favourite.

ANOTHER PAYMENT OF ACCIDENT INSURANCE CLAIM.

On August 5th last, Mr. P. J. Parkes, of 141, Blythe Road, West Kensington, was riding a tricycle in Kensington, when he collided with a van, and was thrown under its wheels, sustaining a fractured left arm. At the time of the accident he was in possession of a signed coupon entitling him to the benefits of our general Accident Insurance system, and we hear from the Ocean Company that his claim has been satisfied, and that a cheque has been forwarded to him.

THE PLYMOUTH MERCURY says:—"This latest venture of the enterprising editor is to be kept free of anything that is at all likely to offend the taste of the general reader, and there can scarcely be a doubt that it will succeed, though a wide opinion prevails that a society paper, to ensure a good circulation, must consist largely of matter unfit for discussion at the family table."

WORKERS AND THEIR WORK—No. LII.

MR. JOHN PEARCE,

CATERER FOR THE WORKING MEN OF LONDON.

MR. JOHN PEARCE, the Managing Director of Pearce's Dining and Refreshment Rooms, Limited, is a man who has risen, by steady industry and perseverance, from the depths of poverty and privation, to the responsible position which he now holds. Starting his life's battle at an early age, with no one to encourage or assist him, one can but admire his patience and resolution throughout the long years of hard work and anxiety which he has experienced. The story of his life, which he recounted to me in simple, unvarnished language, is full of deep, pathetic interest.

"I was born," said Mr. Pearce, "at Shoreditch; my parents were very poor, and at the age of nine I was left an orphan to earn my living as best I could. There were no Board Schools then, so my early education was very neglected.

"I started as an errand boy at a picture-frame maker's; my pay was half-a-crown a week. I stopped at this place till I was fifteen, and then obtained a situation in a lard manufactory.

"When I was nineteen, I went to Covent Garden Market as a porter. The only places at which it was possible for humble folk like myself to get refreshment then were the old-fashioned coffee houses, and at these unless you had at least twopence to spend, you were not wanted, so I thought that I would start a cheap coffee stall, but the City Police Authorities would not consent.

"For two years I worked on the market, and at the end of that time I can well remember standing at the foot of Old Holborn Hill, with a capital of twenty shillings, wondering how I could best lay it out. In the end, I hired a coster barrow, bought a supply of cups and other necessaries, and took up my stand at the corner of East Road, City Road, with my improvised stall. Here I worked for a few months, just keeping body and soul together. My daily takings averaged half-a-crown, and all the surplus stock I finished off myself, as I was blessed with a very good appetite. But it was hard work, long hours, and short pay, and I was just giving it up as a failure when a gentleman offered me ten shillings a week for my slack time in the afternoons.

"This was the turning point of my life. I soon saved enough to buy some ash timber, with which I built myself a stall, and called it 'The Gutter Hotel.'

"This was in September, 1866. For thirteen years, in all weathers, I was up every morning at two to get new bread for use during the day, and till late at night I was always kept busy. My wife gave me a very great deal of help, and year by year my custom increased until at the latter end I would take as much as £6 a day, principally in halfpennies."

The money which Mr. Pearce had saved during these years of toil he invested in the fag-end of the lease of an old house in Aldersgate Street, and thus laid the foundation of the great enterprise with which his name is now associated.

Starting work at two every morning for thirteen years is a strain which few men could undergo, but as he says, "I was happy at my work, hard though it was; and that was the secret of my success."

After four years at Aldersgate Street, he handed over this refreshment business to his brother and started another establishment in Farringdon Street. "The Mother House," he calls it. Here he worked steadily on; his trade was prosperous and his name became more and more well known and respected. After four years, many new branches were established, and the concern was turned into a limited company with Mr. Pearce as Managing Director.

It must not be thought that this Company is making very large profits. That would be impossible, considering the wonderful cheapness of the meals to be obtained at the "Pearce and Plenty" rooms. One farthing for every sixteen persons served, the actual profit, cannot be considered a very large return.

There are altogether eighteen branches in and about London, all conducted on the same principle. They are situated in the busiest parts of the metropolis, and during meal-times are thronged with customers. The Bow Street rooms are opened as early as two in the morning for the workers in Covent Garden. Eleven at night is the latest hour for closing at any of the branches.

Over 30,000 meals are served every day, and Mr. Pearce gave me some very interesting facts connected with the amount of food consumed. In the course of last year no fewer than 1,400,000 eggs were eaten. Besides these, 860,000 pounds of fresh meat, 53,000 pounds of tea, and 828,000 pounds of sugar were consumed. Nearly one hundred tons of jam, two tons of pepper, four tons of mustard—of which about one half is wasted on the plates, Mr. Pearce says—and 900 tons of potatoes are also annually disposed of; 84,000 gallons of milk, and 2,400 gallons of vinegar are consumed in a year. It is almost impossible to grasp the full meaning of these figures, but they do graphically illustrate the enormous magnitude of the business done.

In answer to an enquiry anent the price and nature of the meal served, Mr. Pearce said:—

"A working-man spends on the average threepence for breakfast, for which he gets a large cup of cocoa, tea or coffee, two thick slices of bread and butter, and an egg or some fish. A truly royal repast for the money. For dinner he will probably spend sixpence, obtaining a fourpenny beefsteak pudding—our great speciality—or some roast beef or mutton, some potatoes and jam pudding or tart. Much more food is eaten in cold weather than in hot, and while in summer the men come for their meals at more or less regular times, in winter there is not much variation in our custom all the day through. We have over 350 attendants at the eighteen rooms."

"How can you supply the food so cheaply?"

"We buy everything wholesale and in very large quantities, thus getting very considerable reductions in price. For instance, we never get less than twenty tons of jam, or three hundred chests of tea, at one time, and we always pay ready money. I can assure you that a great deal can be saved in this way. We also make all the bread, pastry, sausages, etc., that we require, and we have a special building for the manufacture of mineral waters. We could not possibly carry on the business as we do, if we did not keep our expenses down.

"We are, by the way, just about to start a new venture for the benefit of the poorer clerks of London. The British Tea Table is the name under which these rooms will be carried on. Our object will be to supply cold lunches and teas at prices between those of our present rooms and of the Aerated Bread Company. I think that there is a good opening here for a well-conducted business, for I am sure that many clerks with very small incomes would be only too glad to have some means of obtaining refreshment at a cheaper price than they can at present."

Mr. Pearce, in addition, has the control of eight temperance hotels for men in various parts of the Metropolis. They are mostly named after some noted temperance reformer, as "The Shaftesbury," "The Wilberforce," and so on. They are all most carefully conducted on extremely reasonable terms. Separate bedrooms, over two hundred in all, can be obtained at from 4s. 6d. to 6s. a week. There is a night attendant and each hotel has a piano. For those who desire to live cheaply and to combine with cheapness the greatest possible comfort and convenience, these hotels may be very strongly recommended, and I was not surprised to hear from Mr. Pearce that they were always full.

Mr. John Pearce is an earnest temperance worker, no intoxicating liquors are sold at any of his places, and he makes it a hard and fast rule never to allow any to be consumed upon his premises.

"But," said I, "will the working-man come to you if he cannot have his glass of beer with his dinner?"

"Oh, yes! The fact that we serve 30,000 meals a day, chiefly to men, testifies to this more than anything I can say to you; and I do believe there is a better time coming for temperance. The working-men are gradually waking up to the fact that it is better for themselves and for their families to abstain from drink. However, I think that it is amongst the children that the greatest and most lasting good is being done. Bands of Hope and Children's Missions are accomplishing work in London which, I am confident, will show itself in the generation which is now growing up around us."

Mr. Pearce is not the man to confine himself to thoughts and words. He has rendered assistance quietly but none the less energetically and thoroughly in all efforts for elevating the social and moral welfare of the poorer classes.

About nine years ago, in gratitude for his success in Farringdon Street, he originated a yearly entertainment and gift for poor widows, who had been left with families of young children. Every Christmas eve, over a hundred of these, carefully chosen from all parts of London as especially deserving help, assemble at Farringdon Street. Here they are provided with tea and entertainment, and to each woman a present of bread and coals to the value of ten shillings is given.

Every month, too, Mr. Pearce entertains two hundred poor children for an evening. They are chosen by the clergymen or visitors in the various districts, or by the Board School teachers, of whom he holds a very high opinion as outlets for charity. The lucky children are provided with tickets; these and "clean hands, clean face" are the only necessaries for admission.

Each child has a steak pie, potatoes, jam pudding, and cocoa. After the meal, the rest of the evening is spent in enjoying the cheerful entertainment of music and singing which Mr. Pearce provides. He often gets someone to say a few words to them, and when Dr. Stephenson, the late President of the Wesleyan Conference, visited them, he took away five little orphan boys to his orphanage.

Every year, too, the employés at the "Pearce and Plenty" rooms have a huge beanfeast somewhere in the country.

There is a "Pearce and Plenty" Brass Band, which frequently takes part in Church Parades and Temperance Demonstrations.

Mr. Pearce is a tall, slim man, standing six feet one and a half inches. His kindly look and quiet, earnest manner of speech at once stamp him as a generous and able man. His characteristic figure is well known all over London; wherever he goes, he is sure to meet many working men who have a lively remembrance of him as he stood beside his Gutter Hotel, and who now exchange a kindly greeting with him.

THE difference between an editor and his wife is that his wife sets things to rights while he writes things to set.

"So you gave your sister a beautiful birthday present, did you, Tommy?"

"Yes; I always give Susie a present on her birthday, 'cause mine comes a week after hers."

"How is your daughter getting on with the piano, Jones?"

"First-rate. She can play with both hands now. Says she'll be able to play with her ear in six months."

THEIR CERTAIN FATE.—Fangle: "I had a box of good cigars here yesterday, but someone has stolen them."

Cumso: "Never mind. They'll come to light."

"WHATEVER are you doing right on the top of that tree, Mike? Don't you see that it's being cut down?"

Mike: "Yes, your honour; the last time ye had a tree cut down it fell on the top of me, and begorra, I'll be safe this time."

WHEN people lose their temper they are apt to say things that are contradictory. Two gentlemen got into a quarrel at their club. Finally one of them, who firmly believes in the good old practice of duelling, exclaimed excitedly, "You are a low blackguard, and an unmitigated scoundrel. Now, sir, if you are a gentleman and a man of honour, you know what you have to do. Here is my card."

A BAD BLUNDER.—Visitor (in gaol, to prisoner): "What are you here for?"

Prisoner: "For stealing."

Visitor: "What did you steal?"

Prisoner: "I stole a girl's affections."

Visitor: "Well, that is no refraction of the law?"

Prisoner: "H—m, I carried 'em off with her father's horse and cart."

HE had a brand-new overcoat,
  A brand-new suit as well;
A new silk hat is on his head,
  He looks extremely well.

He has new shoes, new stick, new gloves,
  All in the newest style;
His walk is new, his pose is new;
  He has a brand-new smile.

He's new all over, in and out,
  Excepting at courtship;
You know him now, for he's the man
  Who's on his wedding trip.

PHILANTHROPIST: "My friend, can you not from your own personal experience recall tragic deaths due directly to liquor?"

Tramp: "I kin. One time me an' me partner, on a long an' weary journey—lookin' for work, ye know—found two big bottles o' whiskey. We each took one, an' we strapped 'em about our necks for convenience in carryin'. Our pockets was worn out."

"Yes, yes—go on."

"Well, we come to a bridge with a rotten plank, an' both went through, an' me partner was drowned. Yes, sir, that there big bottle full o' whiskey weighed so heavy he just sunk like a stone. Poor pard! he was as fine a man as ever——"

"But you had a bottle about your neck too."

"I'd emptied mine."

AN ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED £1,000 INSURANCE.

NOT LIMITED TO ONE CLAIM.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS

Will be paid to whomsoever the Proprietors of this Paper may decide to be the Next-of-Kin of any person who is killed in an accident occurring within the United Kingdom to a Railway Train in which he or she may be travelling as an ordinary passenger, or Season Ticket holder, in a carriage duly provided for the conveyance of passengers. This payment will be made subject to the conditions and regulations mentioned below.

Either a complete copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, *or this notice must be upon the person of the deceased at the time of the accident. The blank line at the foot of this notice must contain the usual signature of the deceased, written either in ink or pencil. Death must occur within twenty-four hours of the accident, and application for payment of the Insurance Money must be made to the Proprietors of this Paper within seven days of its occurrence. This offer is not extended to Railway Servant on duty. The £1,000 will be paid by the* OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, *Mansion House Buildings, London, E.C., being provided for by a monthly premium paid to the Corporation by* PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

This copy is on sale at all Newsagents and Bookstalls on Saturday, August 27th, and confers the benefit of this insurance system until midnight on Saturday, September 3rd. Our offer is not confined to one claim, but will hold good for any number of individual cases. Not more than £1,000 will be paid on account of any one death.

Signature..

Available until Midnight, September 3rd, 1892.

(See column 3, page 109).

[illegible] says:—"The indefatigable Pearson has started yet another new paper. The latest venture issuing from Temple Chambers is the 'Society News,' and it may be said for it that it is at once bright, newsy, and free from the scurrilous personalities and scarcely veiled indecency which disfigure some so-called society papers. It is indeed clean and clever. Mr. Pearson must be congratulated upon having given the public a dainty, readable, well-written society journal, and upon doing so for the modest sum of one penny."

A TEST OF HONESTY.

"Papeh, sir? Evenin' paper?" shouted a little newsboy in one of the principal streets.

A gentleman looked down curiously on the mite of humanity, and said with a slight smile—

"Can you change a shilling?"

"I can get it changed," was the prompt reply. "What paper do you want?"

"Star," said the gentleman. "But," he added, hesitatingly, "how do I know you will bring back the change?"

"You don't know it," replied the little fellow, sharply.

"Then I must trust to your honesty."

"That's about the size of it. Or—hold on! Here's your security. There's thirty-four papers in this bundle. Ketch on to 'em."

Before the gentleman could remonstrate, the boy had placed the bundle of papers in his arms, and was off like a flash.

He was gone perhaps three minutes, but during that time the gentleman was rendered completely miserable. Half-a-dozen of his acquaintances passed, and each one stopped to enquire if he had gone into the newspaper business, and how it paid, while the newsboys gathered around and jeered him, under the impression that he was an interloper. So he gave a great sigh of relief when the boy returned and put twenty-four halfpennies into his hand.

"I didn't run away, did I?" he said with a cheerful grin.

"No," answered the man with a groan, "but if you hadn't returned in a minute I would have run away."

"And cheated me out of fivepence?" demanded the boy, indignantly.

But the gentleman did not stop to explain.

THE SHIPS OF THE VIKINGS.

It was a happy practice of the Vikings to use their ships as tombs, so to speak, of great warriors, sinking them with the corpse on board, or carrying them inland and building a mound over them. As might be expected, it was not the largest size of vessel they employed for this purpose.

But the fine example unearthed at Gokstad, in Norway, measures seventy-five feet by fifteen and a half, and it was driven by sixteen oars. This is just the number specified in many sagas as belonging to a skuta, a swift, small ship of war much favoured by young chiefs who had still to earn renown.

Of another class is the vessel found at Nydam, in South Jutland, the same length, five feet less in width, but carrying twenty-eight rowers. None of the examples recovered show traces of a deck. The gunwale is widened by a plank, on which men stood to fight or to board an enemy. Large craft must necessarily have a deck, but it seems to have been easily removed.

A dragon carried sixty to seventy rowers, and there was a free space at each end, of course. Knut's dragon must have been three hundred feet in length. It had one hundred and twenty rowers, and a complement of seven hundred men. Probably this was the largest vessel ever built in the North.

But the long serpent of Olaf Tryggvason carried, as we learn, precisely sixteen men to each pair of oars, and it had thirty-four pairs; there were thirty warriors also in the forecastle, making five hundred and seventy-four altogether.

Thus the contemporary statement that seven hundred Viking ships landed forty thousand men to attack Paris, whilst an ample garrison remained to guard the fleet, becomes quite credible.

Magnificent as terrible those dragons and long serpents must have been. They were commonly gilt all over; if not, painted in scarlet and blue and white and gold. The figure-head, a dragon, was always gold—sometimes solid; the sails striped red, blue, and green, or snow white, or embroidered and lined with fur.

All the fittings aboard were adorned with carving—as we see in the case of the vessels discovered. Those also show us how the shields were suspended along the gunwale, overlapping one another, all one size, painted black and yellow—if the Gokstad ship be a fair example.

English cyclists must have their lamps alight at 7.57 p.m. on Saturday, August 27th, and two minutes earlier on every evening during the following week. Scotch cyclists should light up at 8.19, and two minutes earlier each following evening.

£100 INSURANCE. FOR CYCLISTS.

In addition to our Railway and General Accident Insurances, we insure Cyclists, in the event of death from Cycling Accidents, to the extent of £100. The only condition required to secure this sum to whomsoever the Proprietors of **PEARSON'S WEEKLY** *may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any Cyclist who meets with his or her death by an accident while actually riding, is that a copy of the current number of* **PEARSON'S WEEKLY**, *or this notice, should be on the person of the deceased at the time of the fatality. The usual signature in pen or pencil must occupy the line left blank at the foot of this notice. Notice of accident must be given within seven days to the Proprietors of this Paper, and death must occur within the same period from the accident.*

*Signature*__________________________

Available until midnight, September 3rd, 1892.

STRANGE CAPTIVITY.

The springbok of South Africa migrate in vast herds, moving in a compact body and carrying everything before them. If a flock of sheep be in the line of march (as sometimes happens), it is surrounded, enveloped, and becomes, willingly or unwillingly, part of the springbok army.

An African hunter tells the strange story of seeing a lion in the midst of the antelopes, forced to join the march. It is supposed that the lion had sprung too far for his prey, that those upon whom he alighted recoiled sufficiently to allow him to reach the ground, and then the pressure from both flanks and the rear prevented him from escaping from his strange captivity.

If the springbok travels in such armies, how can those in the middle and in the rear find food? In this wise: those in the front ranks, after they have eaten greedily of the pasture, gradually fall out of the ranks to rest, while the hungry ones in the rear come up, and so the columns are all the while changing.

OUTWITTING THE DETECTIVES.

The escape of a man aided by his quick-witted wife, after doing a good business in illicit diamond buying on the Kimberley Fields, is thus told by the man himself:—

We reached Hope Town in safety. The baby had an attack of croup, so we remained there for a day and a night. On the morning of the second day the post-cart driver from Kimberley told me that there was a party of detectives out in hot pursuit of us. I went back to the waggon, and in mortal terror told Maria what I had heard, and all the consolation I got was:

"Well, to be sure, Jones, you do look a sight! Have you got any diamonds? If so, hand them over, for they are not safe in the hands of such a Sammy as you are."

In about a hour's time the detectives were on us. According to Maria's instructions, I sat doggedly watching them as they turned the waggon inside out. She meanwhile was preparing the baby's milk. I quietly submitted to be searched, but when they went over to Maria, I trembled. She took the feeding bottle from the baby, laid it on the sand, and then slipping something from the child's clothes to her pocket, handed the little fellow over to the detectives.

"Put that tin down! Don't you see the gentlemen want to undress you?" she snapped to the boy.

Poor little fellow, he meekly obeyed. When, however, it came to Maria's turn, I thought she was going to fight.

"To think of me, an honest woman, being handled by a set of ruffians! Jones, can't you protect your own lawful wife?"

The detectives laughed.

"Here we are, mate; I thought she was our man," exultantly remarked one, snatching from my wife's dress the parcel I have already mentioned.

"Oh, dear! Don't show them to Jones; he will kill me!" shrieked Maria.

"No fear! we will protect you," laughed the superior, proceeding to undo the parcel.

But he found nothing but a lot of old love letters, which he pitched into the fire.

"Yes," sullenly remarked one, "here has that confounded chief sent us on another fool's errand. I would enter an action against him for unlawful detention, and all sorts of other things if I were you, Mrs. Jones."

"Take care of your tongue and come along; there is no time to waste," commanded the superior.

"I have a good mind to desert on the spot," retorted the other.

Maria the while had thrown the shawl over the baby, and now sat down on a little old stump of wood, and with her hand pressed hard to her left side, stared at the men as they mounted and rode away; then she fell on the sand in a dead faint, from which it was very difficult to recover her.

The next day we proceeded on our journey, and not many days after we sailed, worth twenty-five thousand pounds, from the bright, sunny land to which we had come with high hopes in abundance, but little gold.

"But where had she hidden the diamonds?" asked one.

"Why, I thought you would guess; seems that you are as stupid as I was," said Jones, looking up with astonishment, but never a smile. "Why, they were in the milk, part in the bottle—part in the tin."

"Fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind,"
But I wonder if the poet would change his mind,
If in a crowd one day he were to find
"A fellow feeling" in his coat behind.

A plain old lady went into a book shop and inquired for a "big dictionary."

"I suppose you mean the latest and best one?" suggested the clerk.

"I want the biggest and heaviest in the market," said the old lady. "You see, my darter's a master hand to gather autumn leaves, and she ain't no dictionary to press 'em in like the other girls have, an' I'm goin' ter s'prise her with one. So give me the heftiest book of the lot," and she gasped a sigh of satisfaction as she opened a well-filled purse and prepared to pay for a new system of education.

Ere he was wed his heart was light,
And he would sing from morn to night;
But since his blessed babe was born
He's got to sing from night to morn.

A short time ago, a working man, meeting a friend recently married, inquired how he was getting on.

"Ah!" replied his friend, disconsolately, "I have got a 'monkey brand' sort of a wife—she won't wash clothes."

"Ah, I saw you take a pull out of that bottle," said a teetotal gentleman to a boy, who was staggering under the weight of a large bottle of whisky.

"I don't care if you did," responded the boy; "the less there is in the bottle the longer it takes dad to get tight. He licks me as soon as he gets tight, so I want to have my licking put off as long as possible. I'm in no hurry for my licking," and he took another hearty pull at the bottle.

A learned weaver, in stating his case before a certain Scotch provost, having had occasion to speak of a person who was dead, repeatedly described him as "the defunct."

Irritated by the iteration of a word which he did not understand, the provost exclaimed—

"What's the use o' talkin' sae muckle about this cheild ye ca' 'the defunct'? Canna ye bring the man here, and let him speak for himself?"

"The defunct's dead, my lord," replied the weaver.

"Oh, that alters the case," gravely observes the sapient provost.

Richard Daft is not only a famous cricketer, but a good story-teller. Here is one of his yarns about umpires:—

"This umpire stuttered very much. Tarrant was bowling, and cried 'How's that?' for leg-before-wicket. The umpire being appealed to so sharply could not for some time speak a word, although it was plain to be seen he was endeavouring to give his decision; but Tarrant, who was very impatient, took up the ball, saying, 'Oh, I can't wait any longer,' bowled another ball which knocked the batsman's middle stump down just as the umpire call out, 'N-n-not out.'

"'Not out?' said Tarrant; 'why, look at his middle stump.' It was a long time before the poor umpire was able to make Tarrant understand that the decision referred to his appeal for the leg-before of the previous ball."

A young man with excited step and flushed face stopped a policeman after a Salvation Army procession, and stated that he had been robbed.

"When and where?" inquired the officer.

"Out on the Embankment this afternoon."

"How much?"

"Well, as near as I can figure it, there was about one and fourpence in the purse."

"Have you any suspicions?"

"No."

"Isn't it a pretty small matter to complain about?" queried the officer, "or is it the principle of the thing which actuates you?"

"Principle of the thing be hanged!" hotly exclaimed the young man. "What I'm after is my money, and if I don't get it I'll have to walk thirteen miles home. Principle is all very well, but I'd see a ton of it blowed sky high before I'd walk thirteen miles."

MISSING WORD COMPETITION NO. XXXIX.

On the third column of page 107 is a paragraph about the streets of Madrid. The last word in it is omitted. Readers who wish to enter this competition must cut out the coupon below, fill in this word, together with their names and addresses, and send it, with a postal order for one shilling, to reach us at latest by first post on Monday, September 5th, the envelope marked "Word."

The correct word is in the hands of Mr. H. S. Linley, Chartered Accountant, 124, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., enclosed in an envelope sealed with our seal. His statement with regard to it will appear, with the result of the competition, in issue for the week after next.

The whole of the money received in entrance fees will be divided amongst those competitors who fill in the word correctly.

It is hoped that competitions will be posted to Temple Chambers, E.C., as early in the week as possible. Members of the same family may compete if they like, and anyone may send as many attempts as he or she chooses, provided that each is accompanied by a postal order and a separate coupon. All postal orders should be made payable to *Pearson's Weekly*.

M. W. C. No. 39.

Word...

Name...

Address...

[illegible] says:—"Mr. Pearson, in his 'bow' to the readers of his 'Society News,' refers in fitting language to the majority of cheap society papers which are issued at the present time, and, as he says, these seem to sail as near the wind in regard to unclean and scurrilous matter as it is possible for them to do. 'Pearson's Society News' does not contain any of the contaminating element."—

FOR THE TERM OF HIS NATURAL LIFE.

Published by arrangement with Messrs. Richard Bentley and Sons.

SUMMARY OF OPENING CHAPTERS I. TO XXVII.

[illegible]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CORACLE.

In the morning, however, Rufus Dawes was first at work, and made no allusion to the scene of the previous evening. He had already skinned one of the goats, and he directed Frere to set to work upon another. "Cut down the rump to the hock, and down the brisket to the knee," he said. "I want the hides as square as possible." By dint of hard work they got the four goats skinned, and the entrails cleaned ready for twisting, by breakfast time; and having broiled some of the flesh, made a hearty meal.

Mrs. Vickers being no better, Dawes went to see her, and seemed to have made friends again with Sylvia, for he came out of the hut with the child's hand in his. Frere, who was cutting the meat in long strips to dry in the sun, saw this, and it added fresh fuel to the fire of his unreasonable envy and jealousy. However, he said nothing, for his enemy had not yet shown him how the boat was to be made. Before mid-day, however, he was a partner in the secret, which, after all, was a very simple one.

Rufus Dawes took two of the straightest and most taper of the celery-top pines which Frere had cut on the previous day, and lashed them tightly together, with the butts outwards. He thus produced a spliced stick about twelve feet long. About two feet from either end he notched the young tree until he could bend the extremities upwards; and having so bent them, he secured the bent portions in their places by means of lashings of raw hide. The spliced trees now presented a rude outline of the section of a boat, having the stem, keel, and stern all in one piece. This having been placed lengthwise between the stakes, four other poles, notched in two places, were lashed from stake to stake, running crosswise to the keel; and forming the knees.

Four saplings were now bent from end to end of the upturned portions of the keel that represented stem and stern. Two of these four were placed above, as gunwales; two below as bottom rails. At each intersection the sticks were lashed firmly with fishing-line. The whole framework being complete, the stakes were drawn out, and there lay upon the ground the skeleton of a boat eight feet long by three broad.

Frere, whose hands were blistered and sore, would fain have rested; but the convict would not hear of it. "Let us finish," he said, regardless of his own fatigue; "the skins will be dry if we stop."

"I can work no more," says Frere, sulkily; "I can't stand. You've got muscles of iron, I suppose. I haven't."

"They made me work when I couldn't stand, Maurice Frere. It is wonderful what spirit the cat gives a man. There's nothing like work to get rid of aching muscles—so they used to tell me."

"Well, what's to be done now?"

"Cover the boat. There, you can set the fat to melt, and sew these hides together. Two and two, do you see? and then sew the pair at the necks. There is plenty of catgut yonder."

"Don't talk to me as if I was a dog!" says Frere suddenly. "Be civil, can't you."

But the other, busily trimming and cutting at the projecting pieces of sapling, made no reply. It is possible that he thought the fatigued lieutenant beneath his notice. About an hour before sundown the hides were ready, and Rufus Dawes, having in the meantime interlaced the ribs of the skeleton with wattles, stretched the skins over it, with the hairy side inwards. Along the edges of this covering he bored holes at intervals, and passing through these holes thongs of twisted skin, he drew the whole to the top rail of the boat.

One last precaution remained. Dipping the pannikin into the melted tallow, he plentifully anointed the seams of the sewn skins. The boat, thus turned topsy-turvey, looked like a huge walnut shell covered with red and reeking hide, or the skull of some Titan who had been scalped.

"There!" cried Rufus Dawes, triumphant. "Twelve hours in the sun to tighten the hides, and she'll swim like a duck."

The next day was spent in minor preparations. The jerked goat-meat was packed securely into as small a compass as possible. The rum-barrel was filled with water, and water-bags were improvised out of portions of the intestines of the goats. Rufus Dawes, having filled these last with water, ran a wooden skewer through their mouths, and twisted it tight, tourniquet fashion. He also stripped cylindrical pieces of bark, and having sewn each cylinder at the side, fitted it to a bottom of the same material, and caulked the seams with gum and pine-tree resin. Thus four tolerable buckets were obtained.

One goatskin yet remained, and out of that it was determined to make a sail. "The currents are strong," said Rufus Dawes, "and we shall not be able to row far with such oars as we have got. If we get a breeze it may save our lives." It was impossible to "step" a mast in the frail basket structure, but this difficulty was overcome by a simple contrivance. From thwart to thwart two poles were bound, and the mast, lashed between these poles with thongs of raw hide, were secured by shrouds of twisted fishing-line running fore and aft.

Sheets of bark were placed at the bottom of the craft, and made a safe flooring. It was late in the afternoon of the fourth day when these preparations were completed, and it was decided that on the morrow they should adventure the journey. "We will coast down to the Bar," said Rufus Dawes, "and wait for the slack of the tide. I can do no more now."

Sylvia, who had seated herself on a rock at a little distance, called to them. Her strength was restored by the fresh meat, and her childish spirits had risen with the hope of safety. The mercurial little creature had wreathed seaweed about her head, and holding in her hand a long twig decorated with a tuft of leaves to represent a wand, she personified one of the heroines of her books.

"I am the Queen of the Island," she said merrily, and you are my obedient subjects. Pray, Sir Eglamour, is the boat ready?"

"It is, your Majesty," said poor Dawes.

"Then we will see it. Come, walk in front of me. I won't ask you to rub your nose upon the ground, like man Friday, because that would be uncomfortable. Mr. Frere, you don't play!"

"Oh, yes!" says Frere, unable to withstand the charming pout that accompanied the words. "I'll play. What am I to do?"

"You must walk on *this* side, and be respectful. Of course it is only pretend you know," she added, with a quick consciousness of Frere's conceit. "Now then, the Queen goes to the seashore surrounded by her Nymphs! There is no occasion to laugh, Mr. Frere. Of course, Nymphs are very different from *you*, but then we can't help that."

Marching in this pathetically ridiculous fashion across the sand, they halted at the coracle. "So that is the boat!" says the Queen, fairly surprised out of her assumption of dignity. "You are a wonderful man, Mr. Dawes!"

Rufus Dawes smiled sadly. "It is very simple."

"Do you call this simple?" says Frere, who in the general joy had shaken off a portion of his sulkiness. "By George, I don't! This is ship-building with a vengeance, this is. There's no scheming about this—it's all sheer hard work."

"Yes!" echoed Sylvia, "sheer hard work—sheer hard work by good Mr. Dawes!" And she began to sing a childish chant of triumph, drawing lines and letters in the sand the while, with the sceptre of the Queen.

"Good Mr. Dawes!
Good Mr. Dawes!
This is the work of Good Mr. Dawes!"

Maurice could not resist a sneer.

"See-saw, Margery Daw.
Sold her bed, and laid upon straw!"

said he.

"Good Mr. Dawes!" repeated Sylvia, "Good Mr. Dawes! Why shouldn't I say it? You are disagreeable, sir. I won't play with you any more," and she went off along the sand.

"Poor little child," said Rufus Dawes. "You speak too harshly to her."

Frere—now that the boat was made—had regained his self-confidence. Civilisation seemed now brought sufficiently close to him to warrant his assuming the position of authority to which his social position entitled him. "One would think that a boat had never been built before to hear her talk," he said. "If this washing-basket had been one of my old uncle's three-deckers, she couldn't have said much more. Hang me!" he added, with a coarse laugh, "I ought to have a natural talent for ship-building; for if the old villain hadn't died when he did, I should have been a ship-builder myself."

Rufus Dawes turned his back at the word "died," and busied himself with the fastenings of the hides. Could the other have seen his face, he would have been struck by its sudden pallor.

"Ah!" continued Frere, half to himself and half to his companion, "that's a sum of money to lose, isn't it?"

"What do you mean?" asked the convict, without turning his face.

"Mean! Why, my good fellow, I should have been left a quarter of a million of money, but the old hunks who was going to give it me died before he could alter his will, and every shilling went to a scapegoat son, who hadn't been near the old man for years. That's the way of the world, isn't it?"

Rufus Dawes, still keeping his face away, caught his breath as if in astonishment, and then, recovering himself, he said, in a harsh voice, "A fortunate fellow—that son!"

"Fortunate!" cries Frere, with another oath. "Yes, he was fortunate! He was burnt to death in the *Hydaspes*, and never heard of his luck. His mother has got the money, though. I never saw a shilling of it."

And then, seemingly displeased with himself for having allowed his tongue to get the better of his dignity, he walked away to the fire, musing, doubtless, on the difference between Maurice Frere, with a quarter of a million, disporting himself in the best society that could be procured, with command of dog-carts, prize-fighters, and game-cocks galore; and Maurice Frere, a penniless lieutenant, marooned on the barren coast of Macquarie Harbour, and acting as boat-builder to a runaway convict.

Rufus Dawes was also lost in reverie. He leant upon the gunwale of the much-vaunted boat, and his eyes were fixed upon the sea, weltering golden in the sunset, but it was evident that he saw nothing of the scene before him. Struck dumb by the sudden intelligence of his fortune, his imagination escaped from his control, and fled away to those scenes which he had striven so vainly to forget. He was looking far away—across the glittering harbour and the wide sea beyond it—looking at the old house at Hampstead, with its well-remembered gloomy garden.

He pictured himself escaped from this present peril, and freed from the sordid thraldom which so long had held him. He saw himself returning, with some plausible story of his wanderings, to take possession of the wealth which was his—saw himself living once more, rich, free, and respected, in the world from which he had been so long an exile. He saw his mother's sweet pale face, the light of a happy home circle. He saw himself—received with tears of joy and marvelling affection—entering into his home circle as one risen from the dead. A new life opened radiant before him, and he was lost in the contemplation of his own happiness.

So absorbed was he, that he did not hear the light footstep of the child across the sand. Mrs. Vickers, having been told of the success which had crowned the convict's efforts, had overcome her weakness so far as to hobble down the beach to the boat, and now, heralded by Sylvia, approached, leaning on the arm of Maurice Frere.

"Mamma has come to see the boat, Mr. Dawes!" cries Sylvia, but Dawes did not hear.

The child reiterated her words, but still the silent figure did not reply.

"Mr. Dawes!" she cried again, and pulled him by the coat-sleeve.

The touch aroused him, and looking down, he saw the pretty, thin face upturned to his. Scarcely conscious of what he did, and still following out the imagining which made him free, wealthy, and respected, he caught the little creature in his arms—as he might have caught his own daughter—and kissed her. Sylvia said nothing; but Mr. Frere—arrived, by *his* chain of reasoning, at quite another conclusion as to the state of affairs—was astonished at the presumption of the man.

The lieutenant regarded himself as already reinstated in his old position, and with Mrs. Vickers on his arm, reproved the apparent insolence of the convict as freely as he would have done had they both been at his own little kingdom of Maria Island. "You insolent beggar!" he cried. "Do you dare? Keep your place, sir!"

The sentence recalled Rufus Dawes to reality. His place was that of a convict. What business had he with tenderness for the daughter of his master? Yet, after all he had done, and proposed to do, this harsh judgment upon him seemed cruel. He saw the two looking at the boat he had built. He marked the flush of hope on the cheek of the poor lady, and the full-blown authority that already hardened the eye of Maurice Frere, and all at once he understood the result of what he had done.

He had, by his own act, given himself again to bondage. As long as escape was impracticable, he had been useful, and even powerful. Now he had pointed out the way of escape, he had sunk into the beast of burden once again. In the desert he was "Mr." Dawes, the saviour; in civilised life he would become once more Rufus Dawes, the ruffian, the prisoner, the absconder. He stood mute, and let Frere point out the excellence of the craft in silence; and then, feeling that the few words of thanks uttered by the lady were chilled by her consciousness of the ill-advised freedom he had taken with the child, he turned on his heel, and strode up into the bush.

"A queer fellow," said Frere, as Mrs. Vickers followed the retreating figure with her eyes. "Always in an ill-temper."

"Poor man! he has behaved very kindly to us," said Mrs. Vickers. Yet even she felt the change of circumstance, and knew that, without any reason she could name, her blind trust and hope in the convict who had saved their lives had been transformed into a patronizing kindliness which was quite foreign to esteem or affection.

"Come, let us have some supper," says Frere. "The last we shall eat here, I hope. He will come back when his fit of sulks is over."

[illegible] did not come back, and, after a few expressions of wonder at his absence, Mrs. Vickers and her daughter, rapt in the hopes and fears of the morrow, almost forgot that he had left them. With marvellous credulity they looked upon the terrible stake they were about to play for as already won. The possession of the boat seemed to them so wonderful, that the perils of the voyage they were to make in it were

—"and if it embodies the same quality of smart news which appears in the opening number, we see no reason why it should not speedily gain a profitable circulation."
THE BIRMINGHAM DART says:—"It is readable from cover to cover, and may be 'left about the house'—which is more than can be said of all 'society' journals."

altogether lost sight of. As for Maurice Frere, he was rejoiced that the convict was out of the way. He wished that he was out of the way altogether.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE WRITING ON THE SAND.

Having got out of eye-shot of the ungrateful creatures he had befriended, Rufus Dawes threw himself upon the ground in an agony of mingled rage and regret. For the first time for six years he had tasted the happiness of doing good, the delight of self-abnegation. For the first time for six years he had broken through the selfish misanthropy he had taught himself. And this was his reward!

He had held his temper in check, in order that it might not offend others. He had banished the galling memory of his degradation, lest haply some shadow of it might seem to fall upon the fair child whose lot had been so strangely cast with his. He had stifled the agony he suffered, lest its expression should give pain to those who seemed to feel for him. He had forborne retaliation, when retaliation would have been most sweet. Having all these years waited and watched for a chance to strike his persecutors, he had held his hand now that an unlooked-for accident had placed the weapon of destruction in his grasp.

He had risked his life, foregone his enmities, almost changed his nature—and his reward was cold looks and harsh words, so soon as his skill had paved the way to freedom. This knowledge coming upon him while the thrill of exultation at the astounding news of his riches yet vibrated in his brain, made him grind his teeth with rage at his own hard fate. Bound by the purest and holiest ties—the affection of a son to his mother—he had condemned himself to social death, rather than buy his liberty and life by a revelation which would shame the gentle creature whom he loved.

By a strange series of accidents, Fortune had assisted him to maintain the deception he had practised. His cousin had not recognised him. The very ship in which he was believed to have sailed, had been lost with every soul on board. His identity had been completely destroyed—no link remained which could connect Rufus Dawes, the convict, with Richard Devine, the vanished heir to the wealth of the dead shipbuilder.

Oh, if he had only known! If, while in the gloomy prison, distracted by a thousand fears, and weighed down by crushing evidence of circumstance, he had but guessed that death had stepped between Sir Richard and his vengeance, he might have spared himself the sacrifice he had made. He had been tried and condemned as a nameless sailor, who could call no witnesses in his defence, and give no particulars as to his previous history. It was clear to him now that he might have adhered to his statement of ignorance concerning the murder, locked in his breast the name of the murderer, and have yet been free.

Judges are just, but popular opinion is powerful, and it was not impossible that Richard Devine, the millionaire, would have escaped the fate which had overtaken Rufus Dawes the sailor. Into his calculation in the prison—when, half-crazed with love, with terror, and despair, he had counted up his chances of life—the wild supposition that he had even then inherited the wealth of the father who had disowned him, had never entered. The knowledge of that fact would have altered the whole current of his life, and he learnt it for the first time now—too late.

Now, lying prone upon the sand; now, wandering aimlessly up and down among the stunted trees that bristled white beneath the mist-barred moon; now, sitting as he had sat in the prison long ago—with his head gripped hard between his hands, swaying his body to and fro, he thought out the frightful problem of his bitter life.

Of little use was the heritage that he had gained. A convict-absconder, whose hands were hard with menial service, and whose back was scarred with the lash, could never be received among the gently nurtured. Let him lay claim to his name and rights, what then? He was a convicted felon, and his name and rights had been taken from him by the law.

Let him go and tell Maurice Frere that he was his lost cousin. He would be laughed at. Let him proclaim aloud his birth and innocence, and the convict-sheds would grin, and the convict overseer set him to harder labour. Let him even, by dint of reiteration, get his wild story believed, what would happen? If it was heard in England—after the lapse of years, perhaps—that a convict in the chain-gang in Macquarie Harbour—a man held to be a murderer, and whose convict career was one long record of mutiny and punishment—claimed to be the heir to an English fortune, and to own the right to dispossess staid and worthy English folk of their rank and station, with what feeling would the announcement be received?

Certainly not with a desire to redeem this ruffian from his bonds and place him in the honoured seat of his dead father. Such intelligence would be regarded as a calamity, an unhappy blot upon a fair reputation, a disgrace to an honoured and unsullied name. Let him succeed, let him return again to the mother who had by this time become reconciled, in a measure, to his loss; he would, at the best, be to her a living shame, scarcely less degrading than that which she had dreaded.

But success was almost impossible. He did not dare to retrace his steps through the hideous labyrinth into which he had plunged. Was he to show his scarred shoulders as a proof that he was a gentleman and an innocent man? Was he to relate the nameless infamies of Macquarie Harbour as a proof that he was entitled to receive the hospitalities of the generous, and to sit, a respected guest, at the tables of men of refinement?

Was he to quote the horrible slang of the prison-ship, and retail the filthy jests of the chain-gang and the hulks, as a proof that he was a fit companion for pure-minded women and children? Suppose even that he could conceal the name of the real criminal, and show himself guiltless of the crime for which he had been condemned, all the wealth in the world could not buy back that blissful ignorance of evil which had once been his: all the wealth in the world could not purchase the self-respect which had been cut out of him by the lash, or banish from his brain the memory of his degradation.

For hours this agony of thought racked him. He cried out as though with physical pain, and then lay in a stupor, exhausted with actual physical suffering. It was hopeless to think of freedom and of honour. Let him keep silence, and pursue the life Fate had marked out for him. He would return to bondage. The law would claim him as an absconder, and would mete out to him such punishment as was fitting.

Perhaps he might escape severest punishment, as a reward for his exertions in saving the child. He might consider himself fortunate if such was permitted to him. Fortunate! Suppose he did not go back at all, but wandered away into the wilderness and died? Better death than such a doom as his. Yet need he die? He had caught goats, he could catch fish. He could build a hut.

There was, perchance, at the deserted settlement some remnant of seed corn that, planted, would give him bread. He had built a boat, he had made an oven, he had fenced in a hut. Surely he could contrive to live alone, savage and free. Alone! He had contrived all these marvels alone! Was not the boat he himself had built below upon the shore? Why not escape in her, and leave to their fate the miserable creatures who had treated him with such ingratitude?

The idea flashed into his brain, as though someone had spoken the words into his ear. Twenty strides would place him in possession of the boat, and half an hour's drifting with the current would take him beyond pursuit. Once outside the Bar, he would make for the westward, in the hopes of falling in with some whaler. He would doubtless meet with one before many days, and he was well supplied with provisions and water in the mean time. A tale of shipwreck would satisfy the sailors, and—he paused—he had forgotten that the rags which he wore would betray him.

With an exclamation of despair, he started from the posture in which he was lying. He thrust out his hands to raise himself, and his fingers came in contact with something soft. He had been lying at the foot of some loose stones that were piled cairn-wise beside a low-growing bush; and the object that he had touched was protruding from beneath these stones. He caught it and dragged it forth. It was the shirt of poor Bates. With trembling hands he tore away the stones, and pulled forth the rest of the garments. They seemed as though they had been left purposely for him. Heaven had sent him the very disguise he needed.

The night had passed during his reverie and the first faint streaks of dawn began to lighten in the sky. Haggard and pale, he rose to his feet, and scarcely daring to think about what he proposed to do, ran towards the boat. As he ran, however, the voice that he had heard encouraged him.

"Your life is of more importance than theirs. They will die, but they have been ungrateful and deserve death. You will escape out of this Hell, and return to the loving heart who mourns you. You can do more good to mankind than by saving the lives of these people who despise you. Moreover they may not die. They are sure to be sent for. Think of what awaits you when you return—an absconded convict!"

He was within three feet of the boat, when he suddenly checked himself, and stood motionless, staring at the sand with as much horror as though he saw there the Writing which foretold the doom of Belshazzar. He had come upon the sentence traced by Sylvia the evening before, and glittering in the low light of the red sun suddenly risen from out of the sea, it seemed to him that the letters had shaped themselves at his very feet.

GOOD MR. DAWES.

"Good Mr. Dawes!" What a frightful reproach there was to him in that simple sentence! What a world of cowardice, baseness, and cruelty, had not those eleven letters opened to him! He heard the voice of the child who had nursed him, calling on him to save her. He saw her at that instant standing between him and the boat, as she stood when she held out to him the loaf, on the night of his return to the settlement.

He staggered to the cavern, and seizing the sleeping Frere by the arm, shook him violently. "Awake! awake!" he cried, "and let us leave this place!"

Frere, starting to his feet, looked at the white face and bloodshot eyes of the wretched man before him with blunt astonishment.

"What's the matter with you, man?" he said. "You look as if you'd seen a ghost!"

At the sound of his voice Rufus Dawes gave a long sigh, and drew his hand across his eyes.

"Come, Sylvia!" shouted Frere, "it's time to get up. I am ready to go!"

The sacrifice was complete. The convict turned away, and two great glittering tears rolled down his rugged face, and fell upon the sand.

CHAPTER XXX.

AT SEA.

An hour after sunrise, the frail boat, which was the last hope of these four human beings, drifted with the out-going current towards the mouth of the Harbour. When first launched she had come nigh swamping, being overloaded, and it was found necessary to leave behind a great portion of the dried meat. With what pangs this was done can be easily imagined, for each atom of food seemed to represent an hour of life. Yet there was no help for it. As Frere said, it was "neck or nothing with them." They must get away at all hazards.

That evening they camped at the mouth of the Gates, Dawes being afraid to risk a passage until the slack of the tide, and about ten o'clock at night adventured to cross the bar. The night was lovely, and the sea calm. It seemed as though Providence had taken pity on them; for, notwithstanding the insecurity of the craft and the violence of the breakers, the dreaded passage was made with safety.

Once indeed, when they had just entered the surf, a mighty wave, curling high above them, seemed about to overwhelm the frail structure of skins and wickerwork; but, Rufus Dawes keeping the nose of the boat to the sea, and Frere baling with his hat, they succeeded in reaching deep water.

A great misfortune, however, occurred. Two of the bark breakers, left by some unaccountable oversight unlashed, were washed overboard, and with them nearly a third of their scanty store of water. In the face of the greater peril, the accident seemed trifling; and as, drenched and chilled, they gained the open sea, they could not but admit that fortune had almost miraculously befriended them.

They made tedious way with their rude oars; a light breeze from the north-west sprung up with the dawn, and, hoisting the goatskin sail, they crept along the coast. It was resolved that the two men should keep watch and watch; and Frere for the second time enforced his authority by giving the first watch to Rufus Dawes. "I am tired," he said, "and shall sleep for a little while."

Rufus Dawes, who had not slept for two nights, and who had done all the harder work, said nothing. He had suffered so much during the last two days that his senses were becoming dulled to pain.

Frere slept until late in the afternoon, and, when he woke, found the boat still tossing on the sea, and Sylvia and her mother both sea-sick. This seemed strange to him. Seasickness appeared to be a malady which belonged exclusively to civilisation. Moodily watching the great green waves which curled incessantly between him and the horizon, he marvelled to think how curiously events had come about.

A leaf had, as it were, been torn out of his autobiography. It seemed a lifetime since he had done anything but moodily scan the sea or shore. Yet, on the morning of leaving the settlement, he had counted the notches on a calendar-stick he carried, and had been astonished to find them but twenty-two in number.

Taking out his knife, he cut two nicks in the wicker gunwale of the coracle. That brought him to twenty-four days. The mutiny had taken place on January 13th; it was now February 6th. "Surely," thought he, "the *Ladybird* might have returned by this time." There was no one to tell him that the *Ladybird* had been driven into Port Davey by stress of weather, and detained there for seventeen days.

(More of this next week.)

For the convenience of new readers—of whom we are glad to say there are some thousands every week—we give a summary of the chapters that have already been published. A perusal of it will place anyone in a position to continue For the Term of His Natural Life with interest and pleasure. These remarks apply equally to regular readers who may not have begun the serial yet.

She (in affright): "Oh, Tom, why do you make such awful faces at me?"

He (contritely): "I can't help it, dear. My eye glasses are falling off and I don't want to let go of your hands."

"Mamma," said little May, "I'm afraid I'm naughty, because I've got a dreadful pain."

"It was the tart you ate, I think, May."

"Oh, no, mamma; the tart was too good to behave like that. It must be me."

A countryman, asked to give his vote for a Conservative candidate in the Midlands, replied that he would not. Asked why, he said:—

"Because they chaps be well enough paid already."

Then they explained, or tried to explain, to Hodge that Members of Parliament were not paid for their services, till at last he made answer knowingly, if somewhat angrily:—

"Doan't ee tell me. I believe my eyes, and when I zees in t' paper as they divides a'most ev'ry noight, I knows they be dividin' summat!"

It is related that at the bar of one of the Australian colonies, a barrister concluded his speech thus:—

"At great length, gentlemen of the jury, I have stated the reasons which cause me to believe in the prisoner's innocence and to regard him as a personal friend. Gentlemen, the prisoner in the dock is my very dear personal friend, and if he falls by your hands, I will avenge his honour and my loss. As a member of an old family who can snuff candles with a revolver at twelve paces, I call upon you to place my friend right in the eyes of society. I leave the case in your hands, feeling satisfied that you will not accuse me of employing the language of menace, when I have done no more than hint at some of the natural consequences of a verdict adverse to my conscientious opinion."

HOW TO OBTAIN "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" FREE FOR THIRTY WEEKS.

We are setting aside weekly 80 half-crowns (£10 sterling), and shall forward one of these to the first reader who points out a spelling mistake in *Pearson's Weekly*, and to every twentieth afterwards until the eighty half-crowns have been disposed of. This plan is adopted in order that readers resident in all parts of the country may have an equal chance of obtaining one of the prizes.

Any spelling mistake in any part of the paper—reading matter or advertisements—will count. Attempts to gain these prizes should be sent with the envelopes marked Spelling. No reader may send more than one attempt. Dropped letters will not count.

Many readers have asked whether they may have pencil-cases instead of half-crowns if they win. This will cost us more, but we shall be glad to do it for those who like. Competitors who want pencil-cases should write Pencil-case below their attempt.

The Birkenhead Advertiser says:—"Mr. C. Arthur Pearson has got another literary iron in the fire. He brings out to-day 'Pearson's Society News,' which he [illegible] describes as 'an attempt to provide a penny society paper, in which scurrility and indecency find no place, but which is simply chatty and [illegible].' A [illegible] perusal has satisfied us that the last two adjectives are properly employed."

FICTION.

IT DIDN'T WORK.—"Madam," said the weary-looking pedestrian, with a peculiarly shaped box under his arm, as he suddenly appeared at the door opening into the feed department, "I come not seeking tender morsels to relieve the aching void now existing in my person. I come not as a beggar. I come not as a wart upon society—as a superfluous wretch, to lay hold upon with voracious clutch and convey to my mouth that which honest hands have laboured hard to accumulate.

"Although the front of my frame is greatly irritated by constant contact with the spinal column, and I feel warranted in making the assertion that should I see almost any amount of provisions in danger of spoiling I could immediately preserve them; yet, believe me, madam, I come not to take from you to make up the embarrassing deficiency in myself.

"I come to lighten your burdens, not to add thereto. I come introducing the most marvellous invention of the age. It is called 'The Great Tenfold Food Multiplier.' The happy idea of its invention was conceived by a gentleman of my own profession while labouring to prevent the front portion of his anatomy from consolidating with his backbone.

"With this great invention it is only necessary to use one-tenth of the provisions you now consume. All you have to do is to put the food in at one end of the machine, and it instantly comes out at the other end increased tenfold.

"Thus if you want ten pieces of toast for breakfast only make one, drop it into the little end, and take ten out of the big end. Likewise with anything else. If you wish ten, twenty, or forty apple tarts, only bake one, two, or four respectively, put them in at the little end, and out of the big end take the number correspondingly increased.

"Madam, you surely cannot fail to see the great utility of this unrivalled invention. Suppose your husband comes home for dinner on the day you are house-cleaning. Instead of the cold chop served up on one end of the mantel, you drop it into one end of the machine along with the cold piece of omelette and half a cup of coffee you had left over from breakfast, and from the other end you take ten chops, omelettes, and ten half-cups or five cups of coffee, thus saving your own patience and allowing your husband to preserve his strong language for more urgent necessities.

"And, Madam, that is not all; nay, the half has not been told. Reverse the machine and it diminishes, yes diminishes ten-fold. If your doctor's bill, your grocer's bill, or any other bill is too big, take this machine and reduce it.

"Thus, if your grocer's bill is ten shillings put it into this machine and take it out one shilling. If your husband comes home tired and grumpy, reverse the machine on him and let him use ten hard words while you hear one. Madam, the advantages to be derived from this great invention are unparalleled, illimitable, and indescribable. There are——"

"Here is my milliner's bill; let me see how it works on that."

"Madam, I have not yet told the half of its advantages, but I will desist since you exhibit a desire to see a practical demonstration of this great invention. First, however, I will fain demonstrate it to you as a food increaser. Would you have the kindness to lend me the ham I noticed on the table when I came?"

"I will."

"Ah, Madam, I omitted to mention the fact that food must be prepared in a certain manner before it is adapted to this machine, and it becomes necessary for me to taste the ham in order to determine if it be a fit subject for the demonstration. Do you consider the terms?"

"I do; but before I lend you the ham I wish to show you a pretty handy invention we have already about the house for cases of emergency. It is called the Bull Dog. I will show you how it works. Here, Tiger!"

But the weary-looking pedestrian had vanished round the corner like unto a new silk umbrella.

A SOLILOQUY ON CARVING.—Speaking about carving, there is a prospect now that in our best circles, within a short time, the old custom of making the host demolish the poultry at dinner will become extinct, and that a servant at a sideboard, on a small salary, will take a hand-saw and a can of nitro-glycerine and shatter the remains, thus giving the host a chance to chat with his guests, instead of spattering them with dressing, and casting gloom and gravy over the company.

This is a move for which I have long contended. It places the manual labour of a dinner where it belongs, and relieves a man who should give his whole attention to the entertainment of his friends at table.

You would not expect your host to take off his coat and kill the fowl in your presence in order to show you that it was all on the square, and it is not customary to require the proprietor of the house to peel the potatoes at table for his guests to prove that there is no put-up job about them.

Therefore I claim that the lamented hen may be thoroughly shattered at a side table by an athlete at a pound per week, and still good faith toward the guests be maintained. If anyone be doubtful or suspicious, etiquette will permit him to stand by the side of the hireling carver and witness the inquest. Still it would be better fun for him to sit at the table, and if the parts given him are not satisfactory, he can put them in his handkerchief *pro tem.*, and casually throw them out the back door while the other guests are listening to the BATTLE OF PRAGUE in the parlour.

Under the new arrangement the host will enjoy the dinner much more than he used to do with his thumb cut off, and a quart of gravy in his lap. No man feels perfectly at home if he has to wrap up his cut finger in a rag and then scoop a handful of dressing out of his vest pocket and return it to the dish. Few men are cool enough to do this laughing heartily all the time, and telling some mirth-provoking anecdote meanwhile.

It is also annoying to have twenty guests ask for the "dark meat, please," when there are only two animals cooked, and neither of them has a particle of dark meat about her person.

Lately I have adopted the plan of segregating the fowl by main strength, using the fingers when necessary, and then wiping them in an off-hand manner on the table-cloth. Then I ask for that dark hen we ordered, so that we might have an abundance of dark meat.

If the servant says there is none, I smile and tell the guests that the brunette chicken, by some oversight, has been eaten in the kitchen, and I shall have to give them such relics as may be at hand. This simplifies the matter, and places me in a far more agreeable place relative to the company.

My great success, however, in carving, is mainly confined to the watermelon. The watermelon does not confuse me. I always know where to find the joints, and those who do not like the inside of the melon can have the outside.

Now, my great trouble with fowls is, that one day I have a Dorking chicken, and the next trip I have to dismember a Brahma pullet, with high, expressive hip bones and amalgam paletot. This makes me nervous, because they are so dissimilar, and their joints are in different places. The Brahma hen is round-shouldered, and her collar-bone is cut more on the bias than the Dorking fowl. This gives a totally different expression to her features in death, and, as I have said, destroys the symmetry of the carve.

I began my education in this line by carving butter in hot weather, and gradually led up to the quail on toast. In carving the quail, first mortgage your home and get the quail. The quail should be cooked before carving, but not until the chronometer balance and other organs have been removed. Place your quail on the toast in a sitting position, then pass the dissecting knife down between the shoulder-blades, bisecting the polonaise.

Another method is to take the quail by the hind leg and eat it, asking the guests to do the same. This breaks up the feeling of stiffness that is apt to prevail at a formal dinner-party, and while each one has his or her nose immersed in quail, good feeling cannot fail to show itself.

KNEELING AT ONE'S FEET.

How glad a sight to see a man
  Come kneeling at one's feet;
I often dreamed that one would come,
  The dream was very sweet.

I hoped and prayed that he would come
  And at my feet would kneel;
And I've imagined many times
  The thrill that I should feel.

And he has come, and he has knelt,
  And if the thrill I've missed,
'Twas very nice to have him there,
  The old chiropodist.

RESULT OF
FIFTEENTH CRICKET COMPETITION.

THE prizes are this week won by the members of the Wadhurst team, who defeated the Canterbury Non-Commissioned Officers by an innings and 208 runs. Wadhurst went in first and scored 272 runs, including 87 from Mr. A. H. Evered, and 55 from Mr. H. Boorman. The Non-Commissioned Officers were dismissed for 42 in their first innings, and 22 in their second. The match was played 12 aside, so we are sending twelve sovereigns to the winning team, instead of eleven as usual. Below are the names and addresses of the members of the winning team:—

A. K. Watson, Uplands, Wadhurst.
A. W. Fox, New House, Wadhurst.
J. P. Collard, High Street, Wadhurst.
A. H. Evered, Wadhurst Castle.
A. E. Noakes, Buttons Farm, Wadhurst.
H. Boorman, High Street, Wadhurst.
R. K. Evered, Wadhurst Castle.
W. B. Bacon, Durgates Lodge, Wadhurst.
J. Chatfield, Cousley Wood, Wadhurst.
W. Johnson, High Street, Wadhurst.
F. Austen, Marling Place, Wadhurst.
J. Osborne, Dewhurst Farm.

The bat for the best individual performance goes to a member of the Wadhurst team, Mr. A. K. Watson, who accomplished a marvellous bowling performance in this match. He took ten wickets for eleven runs in thirty balls. He captured seven wickets with eight successive balls, accomplishing the "hat trick" twice.

These competitions are now discontinued.

FACTS.

THE streets of London, if put end to end, would reach from that city to St. Petersburg.

Two thousand pounds was the fancy price paid for a Stradivarius violin, in excellent preservation, recently at Stuttgart.

A CHICAGO judge has beaten the record. A few days ago in less than an hour he heard nine divorce cases and divorced eight couples.

A LAW was passed in 1750 to the effect that at parties "ladies must not get drunk on any pretext whatever, and gentlemen not before nine o'clock."

IF a man who weighs twelve stone were proportionately as strong as a flying beetle of the cockchafer family, he would be able to push along level ground a weight equal to 131 tons.

SPAIN, as a country, is still terribly backward in matters of sanitation, but it has progressed somewhat during the last century and a half. In the year 1760 the cleaning of the streets of Madrid was actually forbidden, the physicians of the city being of opinion that the filth was wholesome and the innovation——

FINE voices are seldom found in a country where fish or meat diet prevails. Those Italians who eat the most fish (those of Naples and Genoa) have few fine singers among them. The sweet voices are found in the Irish women of the country, and not of the towns. Norway is not a country of singers, because they eat too much fish; but Sweden is a country of grain and song. The carnivorous birds croak; grain-eating birds sing.

PUBLIC conveyances were few even in the early years of the present century, only one stage coach, the Dublin and Londonderry mail, running in 1812 in the whole district between Belfast and Sligo. An advertisement of a new stage coach, which it was proposed in 1790 should run between Dublin and Sligo, set forth as a special attraction to passengers that the coach was "lined with copper and therefore completely bullet proof."

A FLORIST says that the law governing the colouring of flowers makes a blue rose impossible. According to this law the three colours, red, blue, and yellow, never all appear in the same species of flowers; any two may exist, but never the third. Thus we have the red and yellow roses, but no blue; red and blue verbenas, but no yellow; yellow and blue in the various members of the viola family (as pansies, for instance), but no red; red and yellow gladioli, but no blue, and so on.

DR. HOOKE, one of the founders of the Royal Society, and a mathematician of credit and renown, throws out a fanciful calculation on the number of ideas of which the human mind, in the aggregate, is capable; he arrived at a total of 3,655,760,000. We should suppose that so respectable a figure is not yet exhausted; and though a time must come when nothing new will be left under the sun, we may still hope (some of us) to catch a fleeting idea or two of a practical kind for current use.

THE hunger cure was at one time a very popular punishment in Siberia, but the latest punishment invented is the eating of salted herrings. This is regarded as especially useful in the case of prisoners who refuse to disclose secrets. The continued eating of very salt herrings is the worst form of torture; thumb-screws and iron collars are mild inconveniences to it. The victim is shut up in a well-heated, small cell, and nothing is given to him to eat but salted herrings; no water, and not even any bread. The thirst thus induced causes the most maddening agonies, and it is most invariably found that when the prisoner is brought before the examining commission he is ready to give all the information required of him.

IN the past century it is estimated that over 19,000,000 persons have been killed in the wars of civilised countries, and 1,200,000,000 during the last thirty centuries. Flammarion, the astronomer, makes some curious calculations which serve to illustrate the horrors of war. The blood of the victims would amount to 18,000,000 cubic metres. This quantity of blood weighs 18,900,000,000 kilogrammes. It is an unfailing stream, which every hour since history began has unceasingly poured 680 litres of blood to dye the royal purple worn by the occupants of imperial thrones. If the 1,200,000,000 skeletons should rise and climb one upon another the ladder thus formed would reach the moon, coil about that body, and, continuing onward, would mount into infinite space four times as far again.

A GERMAN naturalist, treating of animals injurious and useful in agriculture, enumerates the following birds and mammals as deserving of protection:—Shrews, bats, owls, cuckoos, swallows, swifts, nightjars, tree-creepers, woodpeckers, wrens, robins, whitethroats, water-wagtails; and titmice, moles, thrushes, blackbirds, starlings, and chaffinches are useful as a rule, but sometimes do harm. Those whose field or garden crops have suffered from wireworms may be glad to know that potatoes prove useful traps for this pest. On some of the famous flower-farms of Holland, potatoes, cut into good-sized pieces, are strewn upon the infested land, and on the following morning they are collected and are usually found to contain several wireworms. In this way 80,000 wireworms per acre have been captured.

THE LONDON STAR says:—"Mr. C. Arthur Pearson has provided another novelty for railway readers in the shape of 'Pearson's Society News.' His idea is that a society paper might be run without scurrility or indecency, and this is to be the distinguishing feature of the new journal. Price 1d. Blue cover, which is rather [illegible] in design than the bright contents. Here will be found pages of good-humoured gossip about the great ones of the earth, edited by 'Jongleur,' and styled 'Between Ourselves.'—

HOLIDAY HAUNTS.—19.

The following seems the best article to hand this week:—The sender,

Mr. A. Albert Campbell,
2, Lawrence Street,
Belfast,

has therefore been forwarded a cheque for Two Guineas.

PORTSTEWART:

An Ulster Watering Place.

Readers of Charles Lever's novels will remember being introduced, in The Knight of Gwynne, to Sandy McGrane, whose "long, thin nose, pointed chin, and cold green eye," the versatile writer assures us, proclaimed him a native of that "cold countrie," the black North. One of the most picturesque spots on the iron-bound coast of this northern region is Portstewart, where Lever resided for some time as dispensary doctor.

Pleasantly situated on a charming little bay, sheltered on one side by a fine hill and on the other by massive cliffs, which, bearing the marks of many a contest with sea and storm, rear their grey faces defiantly towards the Atlantic, Portstewart forms as comfortable a holiday resort as could well be desired. It can be reached easily by the Belfast and Northern Counties Railway from Belfast, Larne, or Londonderry.

Excellent accommodation can be obtained at the hotels or in private houses, and in no case need expenses rise above £2 per week. Little more than half that sum is the average weekly expenditure of frequenters of the Port. And this because Portstewart does not pretend to be a fashionable watering-place, like her much-advertised and belauded sister, Portrush.

She is content to cater for the comfort and entertainment of such as love once in awhile to get far away from "the madding crowd," to be alone with Nature when she wears her mantle of blue and emerald and murmurs a lullaby in the ears of her tired children.

An admirable point about Portstewart is, that no matter how stormy the day may be, one is always sure of finding a sheltered spot with a seaward outlook. The cliff scenery is magnificent. A pathway winds along the side of a wall enclosing the Castle grounds, and on the edge of a series of yawning precipices.

If you are of an adventurous mould there are places here and there where you can scramble half-way down, and, ensconcing yourself in a comfortable nook, look out on the white-crested billows rolling in out of sight below you. Every trace of the work-a-day world is shut out. Following on the pathway, you come to Agherton Strand, which extends right along for two miles to the mouth of the river Bann.

Taking your stand on the green velvety sward of the hill at the north of the village on a clear afternoon, a splendid stretch of coast scenery opens out before you.

Away to the left are two moles, built at the mouth of the Bann in 1881-84, at a cost of £66,000, to keep the sand from forming a "bar" across the river, thus preventing navigation. Close by is Castlerock in all the prim respectability of its model-villaism. Above, overlooking Downhill, is the residence of the lord of the soil, Sir H. H. Bruce, Bart.

Magilligan Strand, seven miles long, sweeps round from Downhill to Magilligan Point, where the waters of Lough Foyle join the Atlantic. Away over yonder is Greencastle, in County Donegal, the white walls of the fort and lighthouse shining out very distinctly. Farther round may be seen Inishowen Head. Then the wide expanse of the Atlantic meets the eye, with its giant waves rolling in at your feet, and with ships, steam and sailing, passing and repassing continually.

Still turning to the right, the dim outline of the Scottish mountains is discernible. The Skerries, Ramore Hill, Portrush, and Blackrock made up the circle of as striking a panorama of sea and land as can be found anywhere.

Various places of interest are within easy walking distance of Portstewart. Saunntering along the Coleraine Road, you approach the ruins of Agherton Church, within whose walls a school was at one time taught by the father of Dr. Adam Clarke.

Coleraine (four miles from Portstewart) is a well-built town, beautifully situated on the Bann. The famous "salmon leap" is a mile and a half up the river.

Portrush, three miles distant from Portstewart, is a highly popular watering-place. Visitors are always to be found there from all parts of the British Isles, and many Americans make it their home during the summer months.

Eight miles farther on, and connected with Portrush by an electric tramway (the first in the United Kingdom), is the Giant's Causeway. The return fare from Portrush to the Causeway is only 1s. 6d., and no one spending a holiday in the North of Ireland should miss seeing a place which, according to Thackeray, "looks like the beginning of the world, somehow; the sea looks older than in other places, the hills and rocks strange, and formed differently from other rocks and hills." As Lever said, "in all the sea-board of the Empire, nothing of the same extent can vie with it in awful sublimity."

We do not invite further contributions on "Holiday Haunts."

WONDERFUL BLADES.

The most wonderful weapons in history, uniting miraculous sharpness with wonderful elasticity, are undoubtedly the blades of Damascus.

The sabre of Japan, though as hard as a diamond, with an edge so acute that it will go through a pillow or a poker as if it were air, cannot compete with the old Syrian swords, because it has no elasticity. This elasticity is not altogether a lost art, as to-day one may see in Toledo, Spain, blades packed n coils like watch springs.

Swords have been made during the present century in Russia that rivalled in edge and bending qualities the famous Damascus blades. At the imperial factory of Zlatoust, in the Urals, some have been turned out which bend till the point touches the hilt, and which would also cut through an iron bar. More than this no blade has ever done, or can do.

HOW FISHES EAT.

The curious way in which fishes eat is quite a study. Some fishes have teeth, and some have none at all. In some the teeth are found upon the tongue, in some in the throat, and in some in the stomach. Some draw in the food by suction; the sturgeon is one of this class. The jelly-fish absorbs all its food by wrapping its body round the prey it covets.

The star-fish fastens itself to its victim, turns its stomach wrong side out, and engulfs its dinner without the formality of swallowing it through a mouth first, much less of asking permission.

Then there is a peculiar little crab, the horse-shoe crab, which chews up its food with its legs or claws before it passes the morsels over to its mouth. While other crabs and lobsters masticate their food with their jaws, and afterwards complete the work with an extra set of teeth which they find conveniently located in their stomachs.

So there are all sorts of methods for those regularly toothless, and the fishes which have teeth show almost as great a diversity in the number, style, and arrangement of them.

The ray or skate has a mouth set transversely across its head, the jaws working with a rolling motion like two hands set back to back. In the jaws are three rows of flat teeth set like a mosaic, and between these rolling jaws the fish crushes oysters and their molluscs like so many nuts.

The carp's teeth are set back in the pharynx, so that it actually masticates its food in its throat; while the sea urchin has five teeth surrounding its stomach and working with a peculiar centralised motion, which makes them do as good service as if they numbered hundreds. And these are only a very few of the odd methods in which fishes eat.

If handwriting is an index of character, some persons ought to be afraid to go to bed with themselves at night.

Romer: "Do you live where you used to live, now?"
Rover: "No, I've moved away from where I live, now. Come in when you pass by, sometimes."

"Now I'll give ye a motto for the business yer goin' inter," said the old thief to the young one.
"Well, what is it?"
"Take things easy."

One afternoon a westward-going 'bus picked up a lady and gentleman right out of the very hands of cabby in Piccadilly. In pulling up, the 'bus very nearly came to grief against a heavy van. This was cabby's chance.

"You're a nice sort of party to 'ave charge of the 'eds of families, you are," he shouted at the bus-driver; "why didn't yer bring yer mother out to 'elp yer 'old the 'osses on their feet?"

Like a lightning-flash came the retort. "Bring my mother out indeed, while there's such faces as yours knockin' about the streets. Not me! I don't want to 'ave the old 'ooman frightened to death. She's been too good a mother to me."

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ORDERS OF MERIT.

What they are and why they are conferred.

One of the socio-political features which always accompany a change of Ministry in this country is the more or less lavish distribution of titles and honours upon those whose deeds have found favour in the eyes of the powers that have been.

First in rank comes the Order of the Garter, which was founded by Edward III. on the night of January 11th, 1344. The number of Companions was limited by the earliest statutes to twenty-five, not counting the Sovereign, who is *ex officio* the head of the Order; but later statutes legalised the addition of foreigners of distinction, and such descendants of the first two Georges as might be elected.

The chief emblem of the Order, unlike all others, is a garter, formerly of light blue silk with the motto embroidered in pearls, rubies, and diamonds, but now of dark blue velvet about one inch wide with the motto in gold. It is worn on the left leg just below the knee, but when the Sovereign is a woman, she wears it on the left arm, just above the elbow. In addition to this the emblems consist of the Star and the Collar from which is suspended the George, or figure of St. George piercing the dragon.

There is only one rank in the order, and for two centuries the British Companions have been almost exclusively Peers of the Realm or their eldest sons. The Prince of Wales is always a Companion.

After the Garter comes the Order of the Thistle, a Scotch order of Knighthood instituted May 29th, 1687, by James VII. of Scotland and Second of England. Some authorities place its origin in the year 1540. The full title is The Most Ancient and Most Noble Order of the Thistle, and the initials are K.T. Like the Garter it consists of twenty-five Knights, all nobles, including the Sovereign and the officers.

Next in rank stands the Most Illustrious Order of St. Patrick, which was established by George III. on February 5th, 1783, and extended in 1833. The initials are K.P. The Sovereign is the titular head of the Order, and the Grand Master is the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for the time being. The Knights number twenty-two, and are all nobles.

Next to the Order of St. Patrick comes the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, founded, apparently, in 1399 by Henry IV. Until 1847 it was a purely military order, but in that year its organisation was so extended as to admit civilians of distinction, and there are now therefore two divisions of the Order, civil and military, which are further subdivided into the three following classes:—

The first class consists of the Knights of the Grand Cross—G.C.B.—consisting of fifty military knights, excluding the Royal Family and foreigners, and twenty-five civil. The military knights must hold at least the rank of major-general in the Army or rear-admiral in the Navy.

The second class is that of the Knight Commanders—K.C.B.—and of these there are 102 military and fifty civil, exclusive of foreigners. The military knights must hold the rank of colonel in the Army or captain in the Navy. The third class consists of 525 military and 200 civil companions—C.B. Knighthood of the first and second class carries the title Sir. In the third class this is not conferred.

We have now to consider a series of orders which have been instituted during the present reign for the purpose of conferring an imperial distinction upon the chief native dignitaries of the Indian Empire and those who have distinguished themselves in the military or civil Indian services.

Of these orders there are three, which stand in order of institution as follows:—

1. The Most Exalted Order of the Star of India, founded in 1861, and enlarged 1866 and 1878. The Grand Master is the Viceroy for the time being, and there are three classes of Members. The Knights Grand Commanders—G.C.S.I.—of whom there are 30; Knights Commanders—K.C.S.I.—of whom there are 72; and Companions—C.S.I.—144 in number.

2. The Imperial Order of the Crown of India, instituted January 1st, 1878, and consisting of the Queen, as Empress of India, some of her daughters and daughters-in-law, many native princesses, and the wives and female relatives of the Viceroy of India, the Governors of Madras and Bombay, and the Principal Secretary of State for India.

3. The Most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire, which was instituted in 1878 to commemorate the proclamation of the Queen of England as Empress of India. This Order consists of the Sovereign, the Viceroy as Grand Master, and three classes. Knights Grand Commanders—G.C.I.E.; Knights Commanders—K.C.I.E.; and the Companions—C.I.E.

Between the Order of the Star of India and the other Indian distinctions stands in precedence the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, which was founded in the year 1818 and consists of the Sovereign and three orders. Knights Grand Cross—G.C.M.G.; Knights Commanders—K.C.M.G.; and Companions—C.M.G. This order is conferred for distinguished services, military, civil, and political, upon all subjects of the British Empire and upon certain foreigners who are held worthy of the dignity represented by the class in which they are placed.

—"Those who crave only for the scandalous side of high life must go elsewhere. There is nothing hurtful in Mr. Pearson's pages. Chatty papers, a series of talks with celebrities, and a selection of current oddities under the appropriate heading of 'Queer Street' make up a promising paper, which seems to have a future ahead of it."

WOLF-HUNTING IN RUSSIA.

Russia is pre-eminently the country of wolves. In the great uninhabited plains and vast forests of that country wolves continue to exist in uncounted numbers, and the hunters who lust after the excitement of the wolf-hunt must lend themselves to be hunted.

The method generally pursued is for three or four well-armed hunters to take a troika—a sleigh with three horses harnessed abreast. A young pig is taken into the sleigh with them, and the party move off at an easy pace over the snow. Arrived at the plains, or the edge of the forest or waste, the coachman gives the horses the reins, and they bound along at a good pace, the centre horse trotting, the horses on the flanks breaking into a swinging canter.

The young pig, unaccustomed to the inconveniences of travel, raises his voice in remonstrance at the unpleasant jolting, and, finding no relief, fills the air with his plaintive lamentations.

The squeal falls like music on listening ears; the first wolf raises his sharp nose, scents the keen air, pricks his ears, and, having taken in the direction of the music, lifts his own voice in a howl, which, although intended only as a call to his fellows, and modulated with satisfaction and excitement, is anything but a cheerful note for any save ears attuned to it by love of the chase.

To that dismal howl come fainter howls in distant response, and those howls awaken still more distant howls as yet unheard, the news of game ahead being telegraphed from wolf to wolf, from troop to troop, in ever widening circles, until every wolf within a radius of several miles has joined in the pursuit.

Very soon the leaders have sighted the sleigh, and, finding that there is nobler game than a stray pig, they maintain a cautious distance, waiting for the auxiliary forces whose eager yelling is borne to their ears from all sides through the sharp, crisp air, until the troop, increasing in numbers, closes up upon the hunters with the silent, irresistible fury of the avalanche. For such sport a cool and courageous driver is of the first importance, for the horses, having an instinctive dread of wolves, are soon wild with terror, striving to take their bits in their teeth, and rush ahead with a blind frenzy, regardless of all obstruction.

From the moment the wolves have ventured close to the sleigh the firing begins, at first with careful aim, but as the wolves pour in from all sides the air is filled with a dense cloud of fine snow particles, obscuring the wolves, and the hunters fire at random. The horses and sleigh, with its troops of wolves on flank and rear, enveloped in a cloud of snow particles, raised by themselves, roll on like a whirlwind; the shouting of the coachman, the squealing of the pig, the howling of the wolves, the screaming of the terrified horses, and the rolling thunder of the rapid fusillade, unite to create a sense of terror and excitement, in comparison with which tiger hunting on elephants is as child's play.

As long as the coachman maintains the control of his horses all goes well; but if he loses control, or if a horse falls or the sleigh upsets, all is over. The next day, or the day after, search parties going out will find the sleigh and harness and guns in the snow, but of the hunters, the horses, and the pig, only the big bones will remain to tell the awful tale.

It is now a little more than a year ago that the Prince Repnine, with two companions, engaged in such a hunt, which brought them more than the danger and excitement they calculated on, and came within an ace of being their last hunt. The party set out one evening in a large sleigh; each hunter was armed with a double-barrelled gun and a hundred and fifty cartridges. The prince commanded the road, and his companions took charge, one of each flank.

On reaching the steppe, an immense desert covered with snow, the coachman shook his reins, the horses broke into a canter, the pig began to squeal, a few wolves howled in response, and before long the hunters saw the shadowy forms of half a score of them following in the rear; but they were few in number and maintained a respectful distance, waiting for reinforcements.

But gradually their numbers increased and they approached the sleigh, which was gliding at an easy but moderate pace over the snow, the coachman holding the excited horses well in hand. A band of at least twenty wolves was allowed to come to close quarters before the firing commenced. A shot was fired, a wolf fell; there was great excitement, and apparently disorganisation of the troop, and it appeared to the hunters that their pursuers had been diminished one-half.

In fact, seven or eight of the more famished brutes had remained behind to feast on their fallen comrade, but their ranks were soon full again; on all sides one heard howlings responded to by howlings; on all sides wolves sprang up as if out of the snow, their sharp noses showing themselves between their glowing eyes. They were at close quarters now, and numerous enough, and the three hunters maintained a rolling fire into their ranks; but, although every ball hit, the band continued to increase.

Before long the troop was swollen to vast numbers, which began to crowd upon the sleigh; the pace increased with the excitement, and the vast cavalcade flew over the snow, silent as death but for the dismal howling of the wolves. With their centre a few yards in the rear of the sleigh, the troop formed themselves into a crescent, the two horns of which were far in advance of the horses on either side.

The pig, which had before been stimulated to squeal, was now kept as quiet as possible; the unexpected number of the wolves foreboded danger, and at every cry of the pig their fury and audacity was redoubled. The firing was maintained without intermission, but already the hunters had fired away half their cartridges. There remained only about two hundred between the three of them, and they were surrounded by more than a thousand wolves.

The two horns of the living crescent began now to draw toward each other; the wolves were evidently acting in accordance with a concerted plan. They were bent on forming a circle which should enclose their prey in its centre, and gradually close in upon them till escape would be hopeless; for if only one of the horses were brought down, resistance could hardly be prolonged another minute. The horses snorted, screamed, and plunged frightfully, but nothing gave way, and the coachman maintained his control over them.

"What do you think of it, Ivan?" asked the prince of his coachman.

"The enraged brutes have tasted blood," said he, "and the longer you continue firing the more their numbers increase. If you will leave it to me, prince, I will turn the horses' heads homewards, and give them their heads."

"Can you rely upon them?"

"I will answer for them."

"And will you be responsible for us?"

The coachman did not reply; he saw the critical moment had arrived in which the prince and his friends, awed by the growing terror of their situation, were not unwilling to see him take the command. Without another word he wheeled gradually round in the direction of the chateau, and gave the horses their heads. The noble brutes, wild with terror and excitement, no sooner felt their heads free than they bounded off at a furious pace, the sleigh scarcely seeming to hamper their movements.

The coachman letting the horses go at their best speed, continued to wheel them round, and almost in an instant they charged down upon the flank of the wolves, which scattered right and left as the horses plunged among them. The horses were no more galloping now, they were flying. At this moment the hunters raised their guns again for another shot.

"For your lives," cried Ivan, "don't fire!" They obeyed.

And now it was seen that the wolves had come to a standstill; they were evidently nonplussed by the unexpected manœuvre; their tactics had been spoiled, and they did not know what to do next.

In this minute of indecision the horses, straining at top speed, had shot nearly half a mile ahead, and when the wolves had renewed their pursuit they appeared to follow but slowly; the huntsmen soon ceased to fear that the wolves would overtake them.

But there was no slackening of speed, and a quarter of an hour later our hunters entered the courtyard of the chateau. The prince estimated that in this quarter of an hour the horses had covered a distance of six miles, but a severe critic might remark that he probably did not look at his watch until some minutes after the start.

The following day the prince and his party visited the field of battle on horseback, and the bones of over two hundred wolves attested to the steadiness of their shooting, and to the numbers that were present at the banquet.

Sympathetic Friend: "And how are you feeling this morning, Mac?"

Canny Scot: "Hoots, mon, hoots! Me heid feels like a toy-shop, wi' the hummin' tops a-goin'!"

"I'm sorry you don't like the new nurse," she said to her husband. "She is good about singing to baby and keeping him quiet."

"Yes," was the reply, "that's just it, I'd rather hear the baby cry."

Liberality dies with possession; the lover cries never mind the expense where his angel is concerned, but once let him get her, and he thinks so no more. The half-crown, that he used to consider a mere bagatelle, becomes in his imagination a cart-wheel.

The following conversation, reported by a friend, was recently overheard between two brothers, aged four and six years:—

"Winny, tell me what is the difference between a bicycle and a tricycle?"

Elder (with patronising air): "Why, Ray, don't you know that? If a man takes the thing home to see how he likes it, it is a tricycle; but if he buys it outright it is a bicycle."

The lecturer on theosophy had concluded his long and able address, and stood looking at the audience.

"Is there any question," he said, "that any of you would like to ask me before I sit down? I should be pleased to answer it."

Amid the deep silence that followed this remark an earnest-looking man near the door rose up and said:

"I'd like to know, professor, if anybody has ever yet discovered a reliable and certain cure for hay-fever?"

THE STORY OF A SHIP'S COOK.

Ask a landsman who the most important man aboard the ship is, and he will say the captain. Jack knows better. Put the question to him, and he will say the cook, and every sea-dog knows that he is telling the truth. All true seamen know how dependent is the entire ship's company on the cook, and bold is the man who dares brook his displeasure.

The captain may scold, the ensigns may storm and rave, but that is a trifle compared to the wrath of the cook. A dozen of the enemy's cruisers may advance in the attack and Jack Tar faces them like the brave man he is, but once let the whisper go through the ship that "there is something wrong with the cook," and immediately officers and men become serious and in vain endeavour to conceal their anxiety.

Nobody knows this better than the cook himself. Anyone with half an eye can see this at a glance. When the cook, fat, sleek and comfortable, steps out of his "star-chamber," and with lazy, indolent gait walks over to the chicken coop like a lord high executioner, he knows full well that he is the central object of interest in all that noble ship's company.

There is no man in the whole fleet who has more unwritten privileges or dares to take greater liberties than the cook. A good illustration of this occurred at a European port a few years ago, when a certain squadron of a certain colour was making evolutions for the edification of the crowned heads of Europe.

Skids was the name of the cook aboard this particular ship, and he was one of the best in the navy. The officers knew this, and so did Skids, and he took great liberties even for a cook. When the ship got into port Skids took it into his head that he would like to go ashore. He said his health demanded it.

That settled it; he went, and like some excellent cooks before him, Skids got drunk, but being the true son of the sea that he was, he insisted on going aboard to be with his kettles and his fat. A peculiarity of Skids was that although an amiable and unassuming fellow for a cook when sober, he went to the opposite extreme when he got a little liquor in him.

On this occasion he got a good deal of liquor aboard, and his importance grew amazingly. By the time he reached the ship's landing he was fully convinced that he was nothing short of a commodore, and was determined to have all the deference due to his high rank shown him.

Accordingly, when he called for a boat he gave the chief officer's hail, "Flag." Now as a matter of fact, the real commodore had taken a little run up to Paris, and was not expected back for two weeks. Perhaps the condition of the flagship was not just what it should be, and the other vessels in the squadron might have become a trifle slack in their order too.

The unexpected announcement, therefore, that the commodore was on the landing calling for a boat threw the entire fleet into a ferment of excitement and confusion. Officers came tumbling out of their berths, and flung on their uniforms any way they could, while the sailors were routed out of their hammocks and were sent up the masts to man the yards.

The officer of the deck was in an agony of perturbation, and so were the officers of the deck in the other vessels of the squadron. By the time the boat came alongside the ship was in some degree prepared to receive her commander, but not in that ship-shape order which the exacting commodore might have expected. The lines were dressed, lanterns were hung, and while the preparations were still under way word was passed that the commodore was coming up the gangplank.

Instantly there was a deep hush over the ship, during which the shambling steps and unsteady voice of some pompous personage could be distinctly heard. Finally, the dilapidated form of Skids, with his hat cocked over his eye and his dress in picturesque disorder, appeared over the gangway, in the full light of the lanterns.

Making a great effort to steady himself, he mustered all the pomposity he could assume, and taking off his hat with a low bow, said, "Gentlemen, I salute you."

Nobody in that whole squadron but the tipsy cook could have done such a thing without receiving the severest punishment. Skids got off scot free. And yet there are landsmen who still think that the cook is not the most influential man aboard the man-of-war.

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THE LITERARY WORLD says:—"We have been favoured with a copy of Mr. Pearson's latest venture, 'Society News.' As its title proclaims, it is a society paper, but with a policy of avoiding the scurrility and 'twaddle' that is frequently the only feature in so-called society journalism. It modestly aims at being simply cheap, smart, and readable—an aim which it certainly attains."

HOME NOTES.

A Page more Particularly for Ladies.

Isobel will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked Home Notes.

In Jam Making one of the most common faults is to add too much sugar. The usual rule, pound to pound, is quite correct for acid fruits, but with the sweeter kinds a less proportion is preferable.

To Clean Morocco Leather. Strain it tight and scour it well with a stiff brush, using soft soap and tepid water with a few drops of oxalic acid. Unstrain the leather, and when dry, rub a little oil over with a rag. (*Reply to* Jane.)

Cherry and Tea Stains on White Flannels are most difficult to remove. However, I have known this treatment succeed, so it is worth trying. Take the yolk of an egg, well beaten, and apply it to the spots, let it soak in well, before washing the garment in a lather of boiled soap. (*Reply to* Pug, Beckenham.)

An Ant Destroyer. These disagreeable little insects can be effectually exterminated in the following way. Heat together in an earthenware vessel, till dissolved, half-a-pound of flower of sulphur, and four ounces of potash. Allow the mixture to cool, then infuse with water and apply to the infested place. Not many ants will survive a dose of this solution.

Keep the Head Clean and you will be much less likely to take any contagious disease. When the hair is allowed to become tangled and matted it is hardly possible to escape infection. Many persons find speedy relief from nervous headache by washing the head in weak soda and water. Cases are known to have been almost cured in a quarter of an hour by this simple remedy. The head should be thoroughly dried afterwards, and draughts avoided.

Curd Cheesecakes. I think you will find my recipe for curd cheesecakes an excellent one. It was given to me by a very good cook several years ago. Take a pint and a half of new milk, and curdle it with a teaspoonful of rennet. Break the curd with a wooden spoon, and drain the whey from it; add to the curd one well-beaten egg, a dessert-spoonful of brandy, a tablespoonful of sugar, currants, and chipped candied peel to taste. Line some patty tins with good short paste. Fill with the mixture, and bake. (*Reply to* Alderney.)

Ginger Beer Powders are made thus:—Castor sugar four ounces, carbonate of soda one and a half ounces, powdered ginger one drachm, essence of lemon twelve drops. Mix thoroughly, adding the essence of lemon to the sugar. Divide into twelve portions, placing each in white paper. Take citric acid, ten drachms, and divide into twelve portions, placing each in coloured paper. When you wish for a refreshing drink place one of each powders in a tumbler half full of water, stir them up, and pour the contents of one glass into the other. (*Reply to* Thirsty Man.)

Prominent Ears are most unsightly always, especially in adults who have not the long hair of childhood to hide them. These are to a great extent due to careless mothers and nurses. What a delicate, shell-like thing is an infant's ear, and how easily it can be deformed! Care should be taken in putting a child on to its pillow to see that its ear is quite flat, and not in any way crumpled. Should the evil be already done, it may be cured by binding a piece of broad tape over the ears at night and securing it behind. Some children of nervous or irritable temperament have a way of playing with their ears. This habit should be firmly repressed, for while the gristle of the ear is yet soft, the ear may easily be disfigured.

Tipsey Cake. Take a few stale sponge cakes, divide each in half and spread with preserve, lay these on the top of one another carefully. Next, take about half a pint of raisin or cowslip wine, sweeten it with sugar, and soak the sponge cakes thoroughly. Take a spoon and ladle the wine that runs from the cake on to it again. When the sponge cake has absorbed all the wine and the dish is almost dry, pour over the cake a thick, and if possible rich custard. Custard can always be made richer by adding more eggs, and not using so much milk, and by stirring it longer while it is cooking. Ornament the cake by sticking it all over with blanched almonds cut into thin slices. *Tipsey Bread* is made in the same way, but bread substituted for the sponge cakes. If you had sent me your address you could have had the desired reply sooner. (*Reply to* Bushranger.)

Curling Ostrich Feathers. A [illegible] piece of whalebone or the blunt edge of an ivory paper-knife are good things with which to curl ostrich feathers. Neither impoverish the feather, or curl it too tightly.

To Clean Fern Pots. I think you will clean your ornamental fern pots if you treat them in the following manner. Wash the crusted parts with dilute muriatic acid. This loosens the crust, and with care the pots will be made as good as new. (*Reply to* Polly Poddy.)

To Remove Rust from a Boiler. The most successful method that I know of, for this operation, is to well scour with coal ashes, using a piece of old flannel dipped into water. If rust is very obstinate it may be necessary to scour with paraffin and coal ash. (*Reply to* Mrs. J. Blantyre.)

To Restore Fur. I have just been told of a Russian method of restoring the lustre to fur. Dwellers in that cold clime wear furs so much that I think their advice cannot fail to be good. Heat some rye flour as hot as you can bear your hand in it; lay it on the fur; let it stand for a quarter of an hour, then shake or brush it out, being sure to clean it thoroughly. (*Thanks to* Moscow.)

Quince Jam. Pare, core, and slice three pounds of quinces. Place them in a preserving pan with a small half teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, two cloves, the grated rind of one, and the juice of two lemons, and two pounds and a half of sugar. There must be a gill of water added to keep the jam from burning. Cook over a steady fire, stirring continually till all is reduced to a clear pulp. Pour into pots and cover with paper, brushed over with white of egg. (*Reply to* Mayme.)

Auckland Cake. Cream three ounces of butter with a quarter of a pound of castor sugar. Add to it a few drops of vanilla essence. Beat well three eggs (yolks and whites separately), and add to the sugar and butter. Now add gradually, beating all the time, five ounces of fine flour, three ounces of ground rice, and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat all together for seven minutes. Pour into a buttered mould or tin, and bake in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour.

Here is my Baking Powder Recipe. Dry these ingredients, mix together thoroughly, pass twice through a fine wire sieve and put into tins for use. Quarter of a pound of tartaric acid, quarter of a pound of carbonate of soda, half a pound of ground rice or cornflour. If possible, buy the soda and tartaric acid at some drug stores and you will be surprised at the small sum a pound of baking powder will cost you. I have used this recipe for years and it is always successful. (*Reply to* A. Cook, Southampton.)

To Renovate a Shiny Black Coat is not a very easy process, for if the nap of the wool has quite worn off no amount of cleansing or colouring can make the woollen fabric grow a new nap. This recipe will do all that is possible, I feel confident:—Boil half a pound of logwood and a few copperas chips in three pints of water until the fluid is reduced to a quart. When cold, strain, add a wineglassful of gin and half that quantity of spirits of wine; mix thoroughly, and apply to the cloth with a nail-brush. When the coat is perfectly dry it should be brushed with a hard brush. (*Reply to* City Clerk.)

Berkely Pudding is a general favourite, I find, and appreciated by housekeepers as a good way of using up cold meat. Beat an egg, and add to it half a pint of milk; pour it over a quarter of a pound of bread-crumbs, and leave it to soak for an hour. Take one pound of some cold lean meat, such as chicken, pork, or veal; mince it very finely, season with pepper, salt, a little chopped herbs, and lemon peel. Add the mince to the crumbs, and beat all well together. Pour the mixture into a greased pie dish, place a few bits of butter on the top, and bake in a good oven for an hour or an hour and a quarter. If preferred the dish may be lined with good puff paste, and then filled with the mixture.

Ten Rules for Health. Allow plenty of fresh air to come into your rooms night and day; keep the windows open, fresh air will not hurt you.——Do not try to do more than eight hours physical or mental work in a day.——Flood your rooms with sunshine if you wish to have good health and spirits.——Rub the body all over daily with a loofah or rough towel.——Eight hours sleep is required by all healthy, active people. Do not fancy you are an exception to the rule and require less.——Ices should not be taken immediately after a hot meal.——When reading or doing any delicate work have the light falling from the left side of you.——Remember that change of work is rest. Inactivity is no real rest to a tired brain.——Take every reasonable opportunity to ensure a change of diet.——Do not pamper the appetite with delicacies that may lead to excess.

To Clean Brass Ornaments. Wash the articles in a strong solution of boiled [illegible], one ounce to a pint; when dry rub the ornaments with fine tripoli.

To Clean Ivory. [illegible] a slight paste of oil vitriol, prepared chalk and oil. Dip a rag in the paste and rub it on to the ivory; afterwards put a little more on to the ivory, leave it to dry and then brush it off.

To Keep Books from Mould. A few drops of any perfumed oil will secure libraries from the consuming effects of mouldiness and damp. Russian leather, which is perfumed with the odour of the birch tan, never moulders, and merchants suffer large bales of this article to lie in the London docks in the most careless manner, knowing that it cannot sustain any injury from damp.

Stewed Cow-heel. If the cow-heel has not been boiled, cut it in two and let the fat run out. Place it in a saucepan, cover with water and boil for half an hour. Then pour the water away. Wash the heel and cut it in four pieces, place in a saucepan and cover with cold water, boil gently for five or six hours. Thicken the liquor with some flour, add a little chopped parsley, season with pepper and salt. Arrange the cow-heel on the dish and smother it with the sauce. Many people like a few onions and carrots stewed in the liquor.

This is the Only Fly Paper that I can recommend you to make. Pour half a gallon of water over one pound of quassia chips, allowing it to stand all night, and then boiling the strained fluid down to one quart. The wood must be again boiled with one quart of water until one pint remains, when the two infusions are mixed together, and from half to three-quarters of a pound of sugar dissolved in it. The paper is now passed through the fluid, drained, and hung up to dry. Blotting paper of any colour may be used, and a small bit of it, placed in a saucer of water, will prove a very effectual destroyer of the pest. (*Reply to* Fly Cemetery.)

Wine Stains. Table-cloths are very apt to suffer with stains of wine. Claret may be removed with boiling milk. Put half a pint or more in a very clean saucepan, an enamelled one is best, and set it on the stove to boil. Gather up the stained parts of the cloth in your hand, and while the milk boils dip them in repeatedly till the marks disappear. The cloth should then be washed and boiled in soapy water. Do not use any soda. For stains of port or sherry use cold water in which a little ammonia and a few drops of spirits of wine have been infused. Dip the stained parts in the mixture until the marks fade away. Should there still remain some marks after the article has been washed and boiled rub them with yellow soap, lay some wetted starch thickly over the place, and expose the cloth to the air by laying on the grass.

Readers, I Wish to Introduce to your notice a most valuable article for every household: I speak of "Scrubbs' Cloudy Ammonia," price a shilling per bottle, which is so prepared that it can be used for laundry, household, bath or nursery with perfect safety and comfort, if the directions found on each bottle are followed. The boon that this preparation has been to me is enormous. Whenever I see spots on clothes, carpets, card-table, etc., I fly to my ammonia and with it repair the damage quickly. As a toilet adjunct, especially when used with Scrubbs' Antiseptic Soap, this preparation should be employed by all those who wish to promote a healthy action on the skin. If my readers cannot procure these preparations of their chemists they should write direct to Messrs. Scrubb and Co., 15, Red Cross Street, London, E.C.

Isobel

RATES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

	£	s.	d.
Single column, per inch	1	0	0
Double " "	2	0	0
Full page inside, facing matter, either white paper or 2nd or 3rd page of cover	50	0	0
Half page " " "	25	0	0
Quarter page " " "	12	10	0
Eighth page " " "	6	5	0
Full page, front or back of cover	60	0	0
Half page " " "	30	0	0
Quarter page " " "	15	0	0
Eighth page " " "	7	10	0

All spaces below one-eighth of a page are charged at per inch rate.

Black Blocks are charged 25 per cent. extra. All advertisements are subject to approval.

Counting competition and other objectionable advertisements are *not* inserted.

The Proprietors reserve the right to hold over or suspend the insertion of any advertisement without prejudice to the other insertions on order.

All enquiries and orders to be forwarded to PEARSON'S WEEKLY Advertisement Department Sells, 167, Fleet Street, London, E.C.; General Offices, Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

A Calendar.

	1892. April.	May.	June.	July.	August.	September.	October.	November.	December.	1893. January.	February.	March.
S	3 10 17 24	1 8 15 22 29	5 12 19 26	3 10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28	4 11 18 25	2 9 16 23 30	6 13 20 27	4 11 18 25	1 8 15 22 29	5 12 19 26	5 12 19 26
M	4 11 18 25	2 9 16 23 30	6 13 20 27	4 11 18 25	1 8 15 22 29	5 12 19 26	3 10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28	5 12 19 26	2 9 16 23 30	6 13 20 27	6 13 20 27
T	5 12 19 26	3 10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28	5 12 19 26	2 9 16 23 30	6 13 20 27	4 11 18 25	1 8 15 22 29	6 13 20 27	3 10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28	7 14 21 28
W	6 13 20 27	4 11 18 25	1 8 15 22 29	6 13 20 27	3 10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28	5 12 19 26	2 9 16 23 30	7 14 21 28	4 11 18 25	1 8 15 22	1 8 15 22 29
T	7 14 21 28	5 12 19 26	2 9 16 23 30	7 14 21 28	4 11 18 25	1 8 15 22 29	6 13 20 27	3 10 17 24	1 8 15 22 29	5 12 19 26	2 9 16 23	2 9 16 23 30
F	1 8 15 22 29	6 13 20 27	3 10 17 24	1 8 15 22 29	5 12 19 26	2 9 16 23 30	7 14 21 28	4 11 18 25	2 9 16 23 30	6 13 20 27	3 10 17 24	3 10 17 24 31
S	2 9 16 23 30	7 14 21 28	4 11 18 25	2 9 16 23 30	6 13 20 27	3 10 17 24	1 8 15 22 29	5 12 19 26	3 10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28	4 11 18 25	4 11 18 25

ABOUT OUR SOAP.

Frazer's have a large sale for Frazer's Sulphur Tablets for internal use—nearly a million packets per annum. The enormous sale of this great blood purifier has been built up in three years, by merit, by straightforward dealing, by scrupulous non-exaggeration in the framing of advertisements, and by a generous system of free-test samples. And now, to meet a widespread demand, Frazer's are introducing a splendid Sulphur Soap, in two varieties (Scented and Unscented). Frazer's are jealous of the fair reputation they have gained, and would be loth to besmirch it, so that especial pains have been taken to make Frazer's Sulphur Soap a perfect Soap for the Skin and Complexion, alike in health and disease. And it is all that. Such a delightful, soothing and emollient lather. Not an alkaline lather as you know it in ordinary soaps, that dries up the moistures of the skin, that shrivels the nails and withers the hair, but a pleasant demulcent cream that softens, smooths and soothes the skin, the hair and the nails. Just the Soap that beauty longs for, delicately perfumed, with a refined, distinctive odour, that clings around the user like a charm, enhancing her attractions, and, above all, gradually and surely improving the appearance of the Skin and Complexion. A modern Soap, made by the latest and most scientific methods; a milled or cold-made Soap, with its valuable properties and fragrance unimpaired by heat—a Soap on the perfection of which time, money and brains have been spent.

Test It
Free of Charge.

And now, that we may prove to you the truth of what we have asserted, we offer to send you a sample of Frazer's Sulphur Soap (Scented) gratis and post-free on application. Name *Pearson's Weekly*.

Frazer's Sulphur Soap in card boxes (Scented or Unscented), price 6d. (three, post free, 1s. 6d.) Frazer's Sulphur Tablets (for internal use for the blood and as a preventive of ill-health), price 1s. 1½d. (post free, 1s. 3d.) Sole Proprietors, Frazer's Tablets, Ltd., 11, Ludgate Square, London, E.C.

SEND YOUR FRAYED OUT SHIRTS

By post, and have NEW linen Fronts, Cuffs, and Collar Bands put to them at 2s. 3d. each or six for 12s.; 2s. 9d., or six for 15s.; Cuffs and Collar Bands, 1s. 2d., 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d. each; Fronts and Collar Bands, 1s. 1d., 1s. 3d., 2s. each, any style. Cash, with order, returned free in five days. THE SHIRT WAREHOUSE, 5, Western Road, Brighton. Mention this paper.

THE Teas for which our forefathers paid, as no shillings per pound than we do pence, which poets sang and authors grave and gay lauded to the skies, were China Teas,—good enough when nothing better was known, but nowadays a drug on the market, rejected by all. Compared with

"VENOYA," THE NEW TEA,

the Teas of old are as water unto wine, or as a rushlight's glimmer to the electric glow. *Can be obtained of the leading Grocer in [illegible].*

Wholesale: 22 & 23, Camomile St., London.

FOR BARGAINS

In Watches, Jewellery, Electro-plate, Field Glasses, Telescopes, Musical Boxes, Organs, Table Cutlery, Guns, Revolvers, Magneto Machines, Sewing Machines, Spoons and Forks, Melodians, &c., &c., *SEE THE AGENT'S GUIDE. 7,000 Illustrations.* Published at 6d. Sent free and postage paid to readers of *Pearson's Weekly*. THIS GUIDE MAY SAVE YOU POUNDS. HILL, BARTON & CO., BIRMINGHAM.

PATENT CANVAS HOUSE SHOE.

For the Workshop, Street, Coast, and Country. Also for Boating, Cricket, Cycling, Golfing, and Lawn Tennis. Made of Canvas, with strong Plaited Jute soft, which will last much longer than leather with ordinary wear. *We are constantly receiving repeat orders from customers who have worn a single pair one, two, and three years.* They are comfortable and healthful for the feet, noiseless, give thorough ventilation, and absorb perspiration readily. Recommended by the *Lancet* for "Cold and Tender Feet." Ankle length walking shoe. Prices (post free):—Quality A (colour Brown), Plain Shoes (without stitching), Children's, 1s. 6d.; Ladies', 1s. 9d.; Gents', 2s. Quality D, Superior Canvas (as per illustration), Ladies', 2s. 6d.; Gents', 2s. 9d. Quality E, Velvet Uppers (Black), Ladies', 3s.; Gents', 3s. 3d. *Special Offer.*—To purchasers of Three pairs at one time, we allow a reduction of 3d. per pair; or twelve pairs or more, 6d. PATENT CANVAS SHOE COMPANY, 65, BATH STREET, GLASGOW.

ALL FAT PEOPLE

Should take TRILENE TABLETS (Regd.). The only safe cure for *Stoutness*. Send 2/6 to Trilene Co., 70, Finsbury Pavement, London.

WATCH CLUBS!!!

Foremen and others desirous of advancing the interests of their fellow-workmen and themselves should write for Catalogue (1,000 Illustrations) and full particulars, which may be had from

H. E. PECK,
City of London Watch Club Company,
NEW BRIDGE STREET, LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.

GOLDSTEIN'S
(OXFORD ST. & BRIXTON)

Sept. 4, 1890. Mrs. W. E. GLADSTONE has received the watch, and would like two Keyless sent her, the 8d. each, also Chain, £2 2/6., one lady and two Pearl Brooches. Mrs. Gladstone encloses cheque for the whole amount.—HAWARDEN HOUSE.

April 20, 1892. Mrs. W. H. GLADSTONE would like a Lady's Electric Gold Watch sent to enclosed address, 12, Marine Parade, Folkestone.

Celebrated
GOLD KEYLESS WATCHES

Obtained a GOLD MEDAL at the International Exhibition, LONDON, 1884; ANTWERP, 1885; PARIS, 1889.

A MEAN GIFT IS NO GIFT.

BUT A PRESENT OF

£1,000 (ONE THOUSAND POUNDS) £1,000

IS INDEED A

ROYAL DONATION.

This £1,000 I have actually given away, and am now increasing the gift by presenting, free of charge, the 10th Edition of my Catalogue (now ready), containing 3,000 Testimonials, and Engravings of New and Fashionable Watches and Jewellery of every description, for 1893. It is a Work of Art, the Engravings being by those well-known artists, Aldridge and Tilby, R.A. This Catalogue has cost over £1,000 to produce. Send your name and address from any part of the world, and a copy will be sent gratis and post free.

OXFORD ST. ONE VISIT TO MY NEW AND HANDSOME PREMISES. **BRIXTON.**

or one glance at the Catalogue will convince you that the

WORLD-RENOWNED CHEMICAL DIAMOND & ELECTRIC GOLD JEWELLERY (REGISTERED)

IS MATCHLESS. The diamonds are Crystals of Marvellous Lustre and Hardness, and cannot be detected from the genuine article. Experienced judges deceived. They will stand all acids and heat. Can be mounted at the side of Real Gems without fear of detection, and can be worn by the most fastidious people with confidence. The Electric Gold is the same Rich Colour throughout the entire metal, and is guaranteed equal to Real Gold. Everyone pleased. Money returned if not approved.

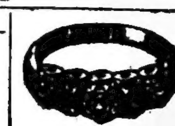
AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. Write for Terms.

1/4 Lustrous Gipsy Ring, equal to 10-guinea Diamond. Guaranteed undetectable. Post Free, 1s. 6d.

Gold and Diamond Turban Pin. 1/6

Diamond Ear-rings, mounted in real Silver, 1/9 per pair. MOUNTED IN REAL GOLD per pair, 5/-. Larger Sizes, 7/6 & 10/-

Single Diamond Pin of great lustre. 1/6. MOUNTED IN REAL GOLD, 5/-

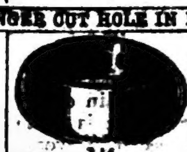


3/6 Half-hoop Ring, set with Five Mixed Stones or Diamonds of the first water, and very bright lustre. Experienced judges deceived. Post free, 3s. 8d.

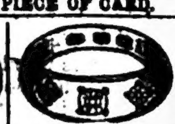
FOR SIZE OF FINGER CUT HOLE IN PIECE OF CARD.

1/4 Mixed Stone Dress Ring. My well-known wonder. Post Free, 1s. 6d.

Five Pearl Half Hoop, undetectable from a 10 Guinea Ring. Most marvellous offer ever made. Post Free, 1s. 6d.



1/4 Solid Band or Wedding Ring, beautifully finished, and equal to 18c. gold. Post Free, 1s. 6d.



2/6 Diamond or Mixed Stone Gipsy Ring, very neat and pretty. Post Free, 2s. 8d. Gent's ditto, 2s. 9d.

1/4 Buckle or Keeper Ring, stamped 18. This Ring is a masterpiece, and perfect in every respect. Post Free, 1s. 6d.

NOTE MY ONLY ADDRESSES.

Head Depot:—34, OXFORD STREET, W. (Next door to Krasnapolsky.)

NEW GRAND BRANCH FOR JEWELLERY & GENERAL FANCY GOODS: **10 to 12, ELECTRIC AVENUE, BRIXTON, S.W.**

MORRIS GOLDSTEIN, Watchmaker and Jeweller, **LONDON.**

HIRSUTINE v. BALD HEADS & SMOOTH FACES.

HIRSUTINE is a preparation for the Whiskers, Moustaches, Beard, and Hair of the Head, invented by Madame Dumas, which is meeting, through the genuine properties it possesses, with an unparalleled success, and is pronounced by authorities to be the best stimulant to the luxuriant growth, beauty, and vigour of the Hair ever known. Its effects are truly marvellous.

IT WILL, if applied as directed, force a growth of hair on every part where nature intends it should grow, the colour of the hairs being the same as if they appeared through nature only.

IT WILL, *in every single instance*, no matter at what age applied, produce a luxuriant growth of Whiskers, Moustaches, and Beard in less than six weeks, and by a still further continued use of this Preparation, the hair will actually grow to any luxuriance required.

IT WILL NOT stain the skin, is invisible in its application, can be applied without the inconvenience and annoyance of previous shaving, and never brings out Pimples, Sores, and Redness on the parts applied. **Hirsutine in cases of Baldness** will be found a **wonderful regenerator** of the Hair; it will cause it to grow thickly on all bald places, and thicken it so perceptibly that a person having but a moderate head of hair will, after a month's application, possess a luxuriant and flowing growth, so powerful are the stimulants contained therein. In cases of loss of hair through sickness, it immediately has the effect of making it regain its natural growth.

PRICE OF LARGE BOTTLES, 3s. 6d. and 5s. On receipt of Postal Order or stamps a bottle of the HIRSUTINE preparation will be sent by POST, PREPAID, carefully packed in a strong box free from the observation of strangers. *Full directions for use with each bottle.*

Subjoined are a few of the examples of the splendid results of HIRSUTINE.

Walter H——.—"The use of your Hirsutine for six weeks has, in my case, produced a splendid moustache and whiskers, of which I am naturally very proud. It may interest you to know that I had previously tried every other advertised preparation without obtaining any results whatever."

Arthur W——.—"I am only nineteen, but, thanks to Hirsutine, I have a better moustache than my brother, who is five years my senior."

C. L——.—"My friend Miss ——, of the Savoy Theatre, recommended me to try your preparation for my hair, which had been falling off very considerably. The result was a great success, for after a fortnight's use I could see myriads of little hairs forcing their way through the skin, and at the end of a two-months' application of Hirsutine I had a beautiful head of hair, which causes me to be the recipient of many pretty compliments. Be assured I shall send you plenty of custom from ladies of my own profession."

MADAME A. DUMAS, 183, GRAHAM ROAD, LONDON, N.E.
(Bankers: London and County Banking Company, Limited.)

WHAT CAN WE TELL YOU?

RESULT OF MISSING WORD COMPETITION No. 37.

£2 19s. 2d. EACH FOR 126 WINNERS.

HERE is the Chartered Accountant's statement with regard to the word which was omitted from the paragraph about German Courtships that appeared on the third column of page 75, of issue for week ending August 20th.

"I certify that the sealed envelope handed to me by *Pearson's Weekly* in connection with this competition has been opened and contained the word *smilingly*."

W. S. Lindsay
Chartered Accountant

124, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

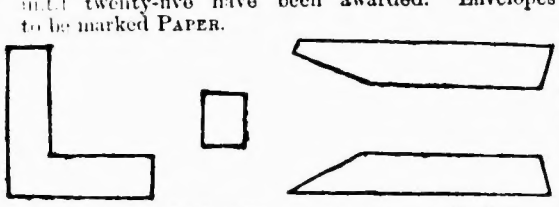
Here is the passage in question:—

In the beer gardens of Berlin especially it is an amusing sight to see an engaged couple sipping their beer and talking upon the most commonplace subjects, while the old lady sits beside them listening *smilingly*.

7,455 solutions were sent in, 126 of which gave the word *smilingly*. To make amounts even we have added 4s. to the £372 15s. to be divided, which means that the winners get £2 19s. 2d. apiece.

As the winners are more than fifty in number, we do not occupy space with their names and addresses. The list is at the disposal of anyone who cares to call at this office with a view to inspecting it.

PENCIL-CASES this week will be awarded to persons who succeed in forming the initial letters of a popular paper in which everyone who reads *Pearson's Weekly* is interested, with two pieces of paper cut according to each of the following diagrams. Pencil-cases will be forwarded to the first person from whom we receive a correct solution, and to every twenty-fifth afterwards until twenty-five have been awarded. Envelopes to be marked PAPER.



C. B. sends a cutting from THE NORTH EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE, in which is included the following letter. It should be mentioned that Thomas Williamson is a local weather prophet, and that he has bestowed upon himself a peerage in consequence of his having once visited Windsor, and there obtained the impression that a title was conferred upon him.

16, Eskdale Street, Darlington.

To their Worships the Magistrates of the Darlington Borough Bench.

GENTLEMEN,—Having reached the venerable age of 83 I feel that the time is approaching when, in the course of nature, I shall have to leave you for that happier country where the weather-glass always stands at "Set fair." Some of the great men in Darlington and neighbourhood have decided, when that time arrives, to have me stuffed. They wish still to be able to gaze with love and admiration on my familiar lineaments, and to point me out to their children and their children's children as the celebrated weather prophet, who, by his great gifts in foretelling the weather beforehand, rose from being a ploughman to the proud position of a peer of the realm.

I have obtained an estimate for stuffing me, which I have great pleasure in submitting to your Worships.

My application to you this day is, gentlemen, that you will kindly allow me to be placed in a glass case near to Pease's monument in front of the King's Head. — Trusting your Worships will grant my application, I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

LORD THOMAS WILLIAMSON,
Weather Prophet, aged 83.

Estimate for stuffing Lord Thomas Williamson:—

To stuffing his lordship, £1 1s.; soaking his lordship's hide in the tanpits 14 days, £1 15s.; boy for frightening the birds off his lordship when hung up to dry, 2s. 3d.; scraping, sandpapering, and varnishing his lordship, 10s. 6d.; two stone of tow stuffing, 3s. 6d.; ten lbs. of corrosive sublimate, 15s.; barber for shaving his lordship and cutting his toe nails, 1s.; one strong cork, 1d.; total £4 8s. 4d.

I sincerely hope that the Worshipful Magistrates of Darlington, who, I regret to read, received this touching epistle with laughter, will accept his lordship's most noble offer, and make it their business to see that he is properly stuffed and set up.

IN reply to the numerous readers who have written complaining that they have been unable to obtain copies of *Society News*, I wish to point out that it is quite impossible for me or my representatives to be everywhere at once. It is always difficult to persuade newsagents that there is likely to be a big demand for a new paper, but anyone who cares to *order* a copy of *Society News* may be sure of getting it.

BELOW is the list of fresh subscriptions to THE FRESH AIR FUND, in addition to which I have to acknowledge with thanks a present of a very nice box of toys sent from Brixton by A CONSTANT READER. I do not think that I can in any way plead the cause of the children better than by again publishing exactly what the contributions to THE FRESH AIR FUND do, so here are the particulars:—

Threepence conveys a child to the portion of Epping Forest set aside for THE FRESH AIR FUND and back.

The sum of 2½d. will provide each child with a substantial meat-pie, and 3½d. more will pay for a sufficiency of bread, jam, cake and milk. To go into details, half a pint of milk will cost ½d., half a pound of bread the same, jam ½d., and a quarter of a pound of cake 1½d.

Subscriptions should be addressed to the Editor at Temple Chambers, London, E.C. Large collecting forms and small cards containing places for sixty penny subscriptions can be obtained on application, by those who are sufficiently interested in THE FRESH AIR FUND to care to assist it in this way.

Ninepence gives a day's happiness to a child; £8 2s. pays for a complete party of 200. There are no expenses of management; every penny goes to the children in the form of food or fares.

Account previously acknowledged, £753 18s. 11½d. Three Folk in a House, 5s.; Moses George, 3s.; Thera, 1s.; J. E. C., 2s. 5d.; Wm. Nethersole, 2s. 6d.; A. J. B., 2s. 6d.; Teddie, Toddie, Harold, B., 9d.; Jon. Mackenzie, 2s.; Mrs. M——s, 5s.; Fred and Gladys, 1s. 6d.; J. Sims, 5s.; G. Swain, 2s.; Alf. E. Smith, 2s. 6d.; Nottingham, 9d.; Heather, 1s. 6d.; Spelling Winner, 4d.; C. W. F., 2s. 6d.; A. W. Clements, 2s.; Happy One, 5s.; Winner, 2s.; H. Cooper, 5s.; M. G. M., 2s.; E. Walker, 5s.; J. W. Rich, 3s. 6d.; Primrose and Daisy, 2s.; W. M. Gatrill, 2s. 6d.; J. Sunner, 2s. 6d.; W. Taylor, 5s.; Well-Wisher, 5s.; Prize, 2s. 6d.; T. W. Stacey, 2s. 6d.; W. M. Crampton, 5s.; J. Haslam, 2s. 3d.; Collected by R. Tuck, 10s.; Anona, 2s.; Three Little Ones, 2s. 3d.; May, Edith, Leslie, their father, £1 4s.; W. Field, 10s.; H. T. Chapman, 2s.; F. M. Sutton, 5s.; M. W. C. Winner, 5s.; Dorothy Stuart, 2s. 6d.; T. R., 1s.; J. Woolley, 2s. 6d.; White Star, 4s. 6d.; H. J. B., 5s.; Chas. Hayes, 5s.; F. C. Kemp, 5s.; John Saver, 1s.; Shadow, 2s. 6d.; Limited, 1d.; S. T., 1s.; Miss Johnson, 2s.; Fireman, 1s.; E. Goold, 2s. 4d.; A. Kesterton, 3s.; J. G. M., 1s.; Sissy, 6d.; Chas. J. Ellis, 10s.; Rich. Poole, 2s. 6d.; E. M. Clark, 2s. 6d.; Mr. Sargent, 2s. 6d.; H. A. H., 1s. 6d.; J. D. Broadbent, 2s.; W. Craig, 5s.; Anon, 1s.; H. Perrée, 1s. 6d.; C. E. Clewes, 4s.; J. W. Kent, 2s. 6d.; A. Hunt, 4s.; W. J. Squire, 2s. 6d.; J. Towell, 4d.; C. T. Wiltshire, 5s.; C. L. Martin, 2s. 4d.; E. Smith, 10s.; F. B., 2s.; E. Brown, 3s.; W. J. T., 5s.; F. C. Thain, 2s. 6d.; W. Girton, 2s.; Paget, 4s. 6d.; Lucy Henry, 2s. 6d.; Anon, 2s.; G. W. Thomson, 2s.; A. M. L. B., 2s.; Three Browns, 1½d.; Anon, 10s.; S. Lewey, 2s. 6d.; Winnie Waterman, 1s.; D. P. Mercier, 4s.; O. Harrison, 3s.; Dollie and Jack, 2s.; F. Nicolini, 3s. 9d.; Anon 10s.; S. Horsfield, 10s.; W. Young, 1s. 6d.; T. R. Bury, 2s.; W. H. Smyth, 2s. 6d.; Shadow, 3s.; A. Hollamby, 1s.; G. D. and others, 2s. 4d.; G. Hankey, 2s. 6d.; J. A., 2s. 7d.; J. H. N., 3s.; F. Heaton, 2s. 6d.; F. Blackborow, 2s. 6d.; Scrump, 2s. 3d.; S. Halsted, 1s.; Simls, 1s. 6d.; A. Roose, 1s.; C. H., 2s.; E. H. Osborn (Canada), 4s.; A. B. Holdsworth, 3s.; W. Hamlet, 6d.; Mark, 2s.; G. C. F., 2s.; Swansea, 2s. 6d.; E. Richmond, 1s.; A. Woodburn, 2s. 6d. The following amounts have been collected:—Miss Gower, 8s.; Georgie Gower, 4s.; R. Shepherd, 12s.; Selby and Guy Robson, 12s.; Mabel Medollett, 6s. 9d.; J. Semple, £1; A. G. Maskrey, £1 1s.; F. Dyson, £1 4s.; D. Mackenzie, 14s.; Mrs. H. Cross, 14s.; J. F. Hibbs, 12s. 6d.

Grand Total, £759 13s. 11¼d.

THE guinea in the Dominie Sampson competition has been forwarded to Mr. H. Wolledge, 43a, Morant Street Poplar, London, E., who sent the following on his post card:—"What a muckle for twa bawbees."

F. N. L. asks whether it is likely that comic papers will ever collapse for want of jokes.——No. Want of jokes will never bring a comic paper to grief. If that was the case there wouldn't be one alive now.

F. D. writes to supply an omission in Reply 1,036, with regard to State regulation of labour. It appears that in the Republic of Guatemala, labourers living on a coffee plantation can be compelled by law to work at a fixed rate of about 6d. per day. Further, in the Island of Ruatan, ceded by England to the Republic of Honduras, occupation of some kind is enforced by law on every adult male, and idleness, save on Sundays and legal holidays, is punishable.

E. D., like a good many others, wants to know why a piece of bread and butter nearly always falls with the buttered side downwards.——The matter-of-fact scientist tries to get people to believe that this is in consequence of the force of gravity acting on the heavier side, but most of us still stick to the time-honoured opinion that it is just pure cussedness and the eternal awkwardness of things, so beautifully expressed by the poet when he wrote:—

"I never had a piece of toast
Particularly long and wide,
But fell upon the sanded floor,
And *always* on the buttered side."

M.A., OXFORD, writes:—The following letter was received by a lady. A very large amount of the interest is lost in not reproducing the original writing, but without that it is sufficiently amusing:—

Thirsday the
March 25

MADAM Just ha few Lins to ask you ha faviour hoping that you will not feel any ways Pout out of the of me taking the Libartis of riting to you as hi feel that high Should Lik to now were the Cook and Sturd of your master Ship has ha fowler E—— ..... as hi feell very anches to now as hi ham ha respetbl young woman that he has been Cary Sponding with if you will bee as Kind hi Should feel very much Plese with it as there is So many strangs Sailors that Coms to this Place and has folowars hi have Sent you ha Evlop dericted and ha Stamp on it to ansur as soon it is convenint for you to do it doant Say any thin ha bout this Letr Madam this is from ha young woman hi remen your Humbel Servent Miss——

Mrs. J—— for street
E.....

Excuse the Liberil way in wich hi have retin to you.

The explanation of this letter is that the husband of the lady to whom it was sent, owned a vessel, and the girl with great modesty and self-respect wished to know whether the man E——, who acted as cook and steward on board this vessel, was a man of good character. Unfortunately, on inquiries being made through the captain, it was found that he had left the ship, and all traces of him were lost. Have any of our readers a letter to equal this one in spelling, obscurity, and absolute want of stops of any kind?

DISGUSTED thus relieves his feelings:—

I have regularly taken *Pearson's Weekly*, and am extremely pleased with the style and tone of the paper generally; but your new departure, *Society News*, I dislike as much as I like your other papers. This is simply because you practically make that paper a political organ which leans very much to the Conservative side, and I, as a Liberal, dislike to see a journal that poses as non-political leaning towards Conservatism. Anyone can see at a glance that the persons writing under the *noms-de-plume* of JONGLEUR and CANDIDE are Tory writers. If *Society News* continues in the present political strain, I shall certainly refrain from taking it and shall try to persuade my Liberal friends from doing so. If you mean to still keep to one side in politics why not call it a Conservative journal at once, and not delude all people into buying it under the impression that it is non-political?

I suppose that "Disgusted's" remarks are based upon the article on Mr. Gladstone which appeared under the heading STRAIGHT TALKS WITH CELEBRITIES. But that this article or anything else that has ever appeared in *Society News* had the slightest party bias I altogether deny. Of course, parts of it were not in an altogether complimentary strain, but I do not suppose that there is a man alive on whom an article of this description could be truthfully written without containing some matter of scarcely a complimentary description. *Society News* has no more party bias than *Pearson's Weekly*, and never will have.

MR. G. T. FARRAR, of 169, Oakfield Road, Everton, writes:—

I see in your paper particulars of some very fine miniature work done by a gentleman of the name of Sibbald, in Leeds. Has Mr. Sibbald ever tried his hand on wood or ivory carving in miniature? Everybody knows that finer work can be done in gold than any other material. I fancy if he could give a call at my shop here in Everton, Liverpool, I could show him some things that he has not got, as I have at the present moment, in a building two feet long by one foot wide, over 600 exhibits formed of about 5,000 pieces, which I do not believe can be matched. There are railway locomotives, machinery, ships, docks containing water for ships, stone lighthouses lit by electricity, furniture in wood, ivory, slate, bone and cork, the smallest copper kettles in the world, and exhibits of dozens of trades, etc.

I HAVE received several complaints lately with regard to slight variations in the length of the foot rule that has for some time been appearing in HOME NOTES page. For the last few weeks the printers have been experimenting with a view to obtaining absolute accuracy, but, as the white pages of *Pearson's Weekly* are printed from curved plates on a rotary press, it is impossible to be quite certain of securing this, and of course the value of the rule is entirely lost unless it is quite correct. So I have altered its position, and in future it will appear along the side of the front page of the wrapper. As the wrapper is printed from flat plates, there will be no difficulty in making it perfectly reliable in future.

A. M. wants to know whether there is any truth in what people say about the danger of biting off the end of a silk thread.——Yes, it is very dangerous indeed, especially with the cheaper sorts of silk, as they are soaked in acetate of lead to increase their weight, and several cases of lead-poisoning have resulted from this deadly salt getting upon the tongue.

E. T. writes to ask whether there is any good and safe way of beginning to provide for children of ten years of age so that when the children begin to earn for themselves they can continue the payments on their own account, and so have a good start.——The best way to do this would be through such an insurance society as the Prudential, but the payments could not, I believe, be commenced until the age of sixteen. Thus, for instance, suppose it is desired so to provide that on reaching the age of forty-six a saving of £100 shall have been effected. This could be done by paying 16s. 11d. a quarter from the age of sixteen; 120 of these payments would ensure the payment of £100, plus a very considerable profit, and, moreover, in the event of death happening at any time before the age of forty-six, the £100 and profits would be paid over to the next heir of the person insured. This appears to me to be a much better plan than saving up in a bank, because the money is always being used to advantage by a very successful business concern, and in the long run the investor gets the lion's share of the profits.

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THE FEATHERED WORLD says:—"I have just received No. 1 of 'Pearson's Society News,' a penny weekly which aims at giving a pleasant, gossiping account of society's doings, free from objectionable personalities and thinly-veiled indecencies, and as such should be welcomed gladly by those who like to read about the upper ten, and all that is going on in the fashionable world. The copy before me is interesting throughout, and is fully equal to the editor's promise. Altogether the new venture is an excellent pennyworth."

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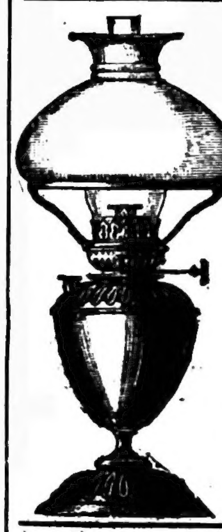

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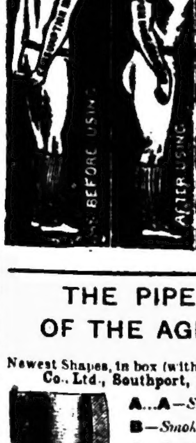

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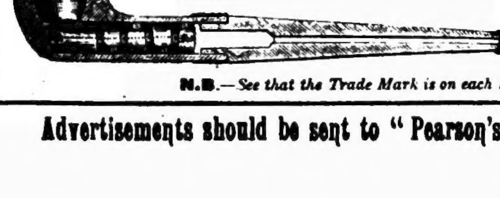

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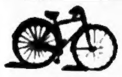

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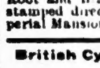

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Sole Proprietor of the following celebrated Tea and Coffee Estates in Ceylon—Dambatenne, Laymastotte, Monerakande, Mahadambatenne, Mousakelle, Pooprassie, Hanagalla, and Gigranella, which cover Thousands of Acres of the best TEA LAND in Ceylon.

HEAD OFFICE:—BATH STREET, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

BRANCHES EVERYWHERE.

POSITIVELY THE BEST HAIR DRESSING.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE"

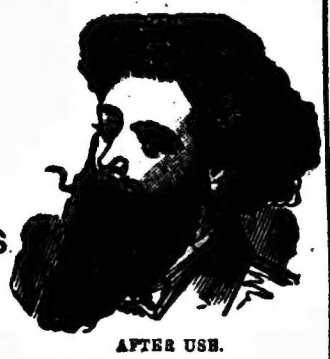
WORLD-RENOWNED HAIR PRODUCER and RESTORER,

POSITIVELY FORCES

LUXURIANT HAIR, WHISKERS, AND MOUSTACHIOS

To grow heavily in a few weeks, without injury to the skin, and no matter at what age.

AFTER USE.



AFTER USE.

THE WORLD-RENOWNED REMEDY FOR BALDNESS

From whatever cause arising. As a producer of

WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHIOS

It has never been equalled. As a Curer of Weak or Thin Eyelashes or Restoring Grey Hair to its Original Colour, never fails.

Physicians and Analysts pronounce it to be perfectly harmless, and devoid of any Metallic or other Injurious Ingredients.

1s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Perfumers, all over the world, or sent direct on receipt of 1s. 4d., 2s. 10d., 3s. 11d., and 6s. Postal Orders preferred.

AN EXCELLENT HAIR DRESSING.

"Sir,—Kindly forward another bottle of 'Harlene.' I like it immensely. I think it an excellent dressing for the hair, and prefer it to any other. "Mrs. Rose.

"Lower Heywood, Banbury, Oxon."

A DISTANT FRIEND.

"Dear Sir,—I received the 'Harlene' quite safe, and I am very pleased with the effect upon my hair; kindly forward another large bottle. "Private Arthur Harris.

"Kuse-el-nil Barracks, "Cairo, Egypt."

ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE THE BEST.

"Dear Sir,—After trying several hair producers and giving yours a fair trial, I must acknowledge it to be the best. "S. Bennett.

"19, Gloucester Place, Liverpool."

EDWARDS' VIOLETTA,

The World-renowned Skin Tonic.

A CLEAR AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

PIMPLES, FRECKLES, BLACK SPECKS, SUNBURNS, SCURF, ROUGHNESS, and all unsightly blemishes on the face, neck, hands, and arms rapidly and permanently cured by EDWARDS' VIOLETTA. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to use. This remarkable preparation should be tried by all. Small-pox marks, Moles, Freckles, Ringworms, &c., yield immediately. It attacks these unsightly, irritable, and unpleasant affections, and always imparts a clear, healthy, and natural loveliness to the skin.

1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per Bottle.

Postage Threepence Extra.

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WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE

FOR ALL

BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS

SUCH AS

Sick Headache, Constipation,

Weak Stomach,

Impaired Digestion,

Disordered Liver, and

Female Ailments.

Prepared only by the Proprietor, **THOMAS BEECHAM,** St. Helens, Lancashire.

Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers everywhere, in Boxes, 9½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each. Full directions with each box.

Beecham's Tooth Paste

Will recommend itself; it is efficacious, economical, cleanses the teeth, perfumes the breath, removes tartar, and prevents decay. It is composed of the best known ingredients for neutralising the acids of the mouth, preventing all deleterious deposits upon the teeth, and is a pleasant and reliable dentifrice.

BEECHAM'S TOOTH PASTE is put up in collapsible tubes, perfectly air-tight, and so adjustable that no waste need occur; the packages are pretty for the toilet table, and most convenient for the travelling bag. They are sold everywhere for ONE SHILLING EACH.